THE DESTRUCTION OF TROY,

THE

Second Book.

WHEREIN

Is contained the Proweſſe of the Valiant *HERCULES*, with his Marvellous Deeds, Wonderfull WORKS, And of his DEATH.

LONDON,
Printed by *R. I.* for *Samuel Speed*, 1663.

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THE DESTRUCTION OF TROY,

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CHAP. I.

How *Hercules* fought against three Lyons, in the Forrest of *Nemee*: and how he slew them, and took their Skins.

IN the first Book is begun the Deeds of the puissant Gyant Hercules: how hee first destroyed the City of Troy, and vanquished the King Laomedon: after which Conquest, he returned into Greece; where he remained a certain space of time, without doing any thing that is found in History. In which space Juno (bearing inward malice against him) bethought how shee might work his down-fall. And hearing that into the Forrest of Nemee were come many Lyons, among other, one sirteen foot high, that destroyed all the Countrey: She thought by these Lyons to bring her purpose about. And having War with Euristeus, she concluded a peace, onely to be acquainted with Hercules; and sent for him into Greet, to confirm it. Euristeus fulfilled her desire and brought Hercules with him. The peace was made, Juno acquainting

her with Hercules, they came to speak of the Lyons of the Forrest of Nemee. And so much spake Juno, that she said to Hercules, it were an act would gain him honour, to go to the Forrest of Nemee, and conquer those Lyons. Hercules thinking Juno counselled him to assaile the Lyons for his honour and profit, he enterprized to go into the Forrest. Juno required him, that when he had vanquished the Lyons, he would returne unto her. Hercules promised her that he would. After that he departed from Creet: and went into Thebes to see Megara; and to make his Harnesse and Armes ready. When the Ladies of Thebes knew that Hercules, would go against the Lyons of Nemee, they all complained of his youth: and thought that he would dye there, for the Lyons were cruel and terrible. Megara above all other, was passing sorrowful, and required the Ladies, that they would pray Euristeus, to keep Hercules from going so dangerous a voyage. The Ladies accomplished the request of Megara, and thought to have broken the voyage of Hercules, by the means of Euristeus, but they could in no wise: For Hercules answered Euristeus, and the Ladies, that it was the first enterprize he had taken in hand at the request of any body. and for almuch as the Queen Juno had desired him to do it, he had intent to accomplish it, by the pleasure of God and Fortune.

Hercules was great both of heart and courage, being exalted with honour, he had rather have dyed, then have done any thing whereof should follow any dishonour. When his Armes were ready, he armed him. Taking leave of King Creon, Euristeus, Amphitrion, of the Ladies and Gentlewomen, accompanied only with Philotes, which would never leave him. Hee departed from Thebes, proceeding in his journey, that he came unto the Forrest of Nemee, which stood not far from Argos. In approaching this Forrest, he went two dates without finding Beasts or Men, at last found a Pastor or Heardsman named Meloreus. This Heardsman was mounted upon a great Tree. When he saw Hercules enter into the Wood, he called to him, saying: Sir, you are dead, if you go any further, return quickly, for the fierce Lyons will destroy you: or else come hither up to me. Hercules hearing the words of Malorcus, looked upon the Tree,

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and demanded what he was? Alas said the Pastor, I am the poorest man of all other, the Lyons of the Forrest, at their coming have eaten a great heard of Beasts that I nourished here; besides they have eaten all my family and men: and have devoured all save me alone, which have by adventure, a great while saved my self upon this Tree, where I eat nothing else but leaves and Acornes, and dare not descend down, for fear of these Lyons which are here by, who will soon assail you, unlesse you depart and flye.

The Pastor finishing his words, there came leaping out of a bush the three Lyons, and marched against Hercules, roaring and crying, opening their eyes, with so great rage, as if they would have pierced Hercules with their sight. The great Lyon came first, his hair standing up, he was as high as an Elephant, and great after that proportion, his head was twice as big as the head of a Bull. Hercules seeing them come, took his Sword and Club that Philoctes bore. Philoctes, notwithstanding his prowess, was sore afraid, that he went on the Tree to the Heardsman. Hercules set his Club to the Tree, and betook him to his sword: the Lyons at the approach brayed in their throats. Hercules stroke one of them between the eyes and feld him to the earth upon his buttocks. The great Lyon thinking to have sprung upon Hercules, and to have taken him in his claws, made a terrible leap. When Hercules saw his intent, he turned from him, and stroke at the third Lyon, which was light and nimble, and stroke his sword right into his throat, that he reacht his heart, whatsoever resistance he could make in biting the Sword, and left it in his body in such wise, that he fell dead to the earth. When the other Lyons saw their fellow so used, they set their Claws on the earth, and howled cruelly, that it seemed Thunder had sprung out of their stomacks. All the Forrest sounded thereof. Hercules took his Sword, and the two Lyons approaching again, ran upon him with their paws, hurting him unmeasurably, that tasting his Armour; their nails entring into his flesh, they drew them out all dyed with his blood.

Hercules had his heart sore troubled, when he felt his wounds that the Lyons had made: then he lifted up his Sword, and

smote on one and other, but the great Lyon had his skin so hard, that his Sword might no more enter therein, then it might on a great Rock. Thus began the battel of the Lyons and Hercules. The little Lyon was eager and fierce, he lanching him forth oftentimes against *Hercules*, alwaies thought to have hurt him with his claws, that cut like a Rasour: but he lanched so often, that it was to his disadvantage, for Hercules after many great strokes, divided from the body, his right leg, very nigh the shoulder, and stroke him down by the feet of the other Lyon that lay dead.

When Hercules saw that he was delivered of the two evil Beasts, and that he had to do with no more but the great Lyon, he began to have an hope of good fortune. He had then comfort in himself of the battaile which was strong to sustain: the great Lyon gave him great strokes with his paws, and put him oft times in peril of death: but the Sword of *Hercules* would never enter into the skin of the Beast, it was so hard. The Lyon took his sword betwéen his téeth and his nails, that with great pain he pulled it from him. Finally, when hee had long fought with his sword, and knew well that thereby he might raise no blood of the Lyon, he would assay if the Club were to him more profitable. Then he took it, and the first time that the Lyon came upon him, hee gave him a stroke with his Club, on his mouth, that all the téeth brake and fell out before him. The Lyon féeling the stroke, made a great and marvailous howling, and lifting up his paws, thought to have pulled down Hercules. But he fled the coming of the Lyon: and the Lyon fell to the ground, with fiercenesse of running, and failing of *Hercules*. When *Hercules* saw that he was fallen, he leaped upon him forthwith eagerly, and held him with his hands about the throat, so fast, that he brought his jaws out of joynt, and making his eyes flye out of his head, he slew him.

In this exploit Hercules shewed a singular hardinesse, and incredible force: for he strangled with his hands a Lyon, with the skin so hard, that Spears nor Swords might not do any harme: he put him to death by wonderful valour: and when he had so done, he went to the other that lived yet, and all broke

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and tore him, as if it had been a little Lamb. After hee called Philotes to him, and the Heardsman, that were marvailous joyful and glad of so high a victory. And *Hercules* found the manner how to flea the Lyons, and took their skins by the help of the Heardsman. When they had fleaed them, it was night. *Hercules* demanded of the Heardsman, if there were any house or lodging thereby, where he might have accommodations? The Heardsman brought him to his house, where they found provision of meat and drink, wherewith the good man feasted Hercules to his power, and he thought he was in Paradise. Thus Hercules passed the day and the night, and forgot not to think on his wounds, that were fell and smarted, so that he little slept that night. Yet notwithstanding, when the day appeared, hee took leave of the Heardsman and so departed, and took his journy to go into Creet, to shew unto Juno the three Lyons skins, and thank her for her good advertisement.

CHAP. II.

How *Juno* sent *Hercules* into *Ægypt* to be slain of the Tyrant *Busire*, and how *Hercules* slew the Tyrant, against the hope and will of *Juno*.

KNow about this time raigned in Ægypt, King Busire, son of the Queen of Lybia: and the Land of Ægypt was dry, not fertile but barren. Busire, to remedy this, called his Clerks that held the Science of Zoroastes, and asked of them what he might do for the health of his Realm? They asked counsel of the Gods; and had answer, that they must sacrifice unto them mans blood. When Busire (that naturally was evill, and had never done good) heard this answer; he began to tyrannize more and more. And began first with his people, taking and plucking from the Mothers, their little Children, from men their Wives from Wives their Husbands, burning and defiling the Temples with their blood. For all these homicides and slaughters, the drought ceased not, but augmented more. The Clerks demanded of the Gods the cause why they had no dews, nor rain? They answered, that they would not have the just blood of Egypt, but

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the ſtrange blood, that they ſhould take and ſacrifize thereof. The Gods by this anſwer, would have in ſacrifize the blood of Buſire, for he was a ſtranger to vertue and goodneſſe. And the Clerks underſtood they would have the blood of ſtrangers. Buſire advertiſed of this anſwer, ceaſed to perſecute the blood of Egypt, & turned his Sword upon the blood of Strangers: and made an Edict that no ſtranger ſhould enter into his City, but ſhould be ſacrifized unto his Gods; in this manner he murthered all the ſtrangers he could get. By this Edict many ſtrangers, both Nobles and others, were ſacrifized, by the cruelty of Buſire. Among others, one Nobleman of Creet (of the Linage of Juno) periſhed in this miſfortune, by the Sword of Buſire. The tydings came unto Creet, where was made great lamentation. As they continued their mourning, Hercules and Philotes came to Queen Juno, and found her overcharged with exceeding griefe. At that time were an hundred Cities in Creet, and King Jupiter abſented himſelf from Juno for many reaſons. When as Hercules was returned to his Stepmother Juno, he reverenced her, ſhewing her the skins of the Lions that he had ſlain, and thanked her for the high adventure ſhe admoniſhed him of.

The curſed ſtepmother, for the return of Hercules was more perplexed than before: yet ſhe feaſted Hercules, and made to him (ſaintly) the greateſt chear that ſhe could, being about dinner-time, ſhe made him to dine with her. As they ſate at Dinner (after divers ſpeeches of the Lions) ſhe deviſed how ſhe might work the death of Hercules, and thought ſhe could not compaſſe it better, than to ſend him into Egypt: And to bring it to paſſe, ſhe changed the diſcourſe of the Lions, and ſaid to Hercules: Your coming again in ſafety, is to me moſt joyful, for that your name ſhall enjoy perpetual renown among the moſt Worthy and beſt of the world, for you have atchieved many enterprizes: In your Infancy you made all the World to wonder at the victory of the Serpents, by you ſtrangled. After you made your Sword to flouriſh in the Weſt parts of Frigia, and now in Nemee. The adventure of theſe exploits have gaind you exceeding honor, whereof I am glad, for each perſon ought to rejoyce in the wel-doing of another, eſpecially of a Noble-man, and principally ſuch a one

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as laboureth to excel in valour, every person is bound to counsel him to his honour and welfare. Wherefore, since it is so, that ye endevour your self from day to day, and seek perils of the Sea, & dangers of the earth, to overcome them: I advertise you, that in Egypt is a Tyrant, that sacrifizeth all strangers that come into his Country, without reserving Noble or base So (I think) if Fortune be still favourable to you, you shall gain great honor to your self, and profit to all the Nations of the world.

Madam, answered Hercules, I am not nor never in all my life, shall attain to such an exceeding height of honour as ye report: notwithstanding, forasmuch as I have great desire to perform adventures to the benefit of all Nations, that they shall concern. I promise you, and swear, that to morrow without further delay, I will make all things in readinesse, to go into Ægypt. And I will never return again into my Countrey, untill the time that I have seen the Tyrant. If he lay hand on mée, to sacrifice mée, I have intention he shall not without great strokes. Juno hearing the enterprize of *Hercules*, rejoyced in her heart exceedingly. That day they passed in many conferences. Hercules took the skins of the Lyons, and delivered them to a certain workman, to make of them a garment in manner of Armour, to Arm him withall. On the morrow he took leave of his Step-mother, and departed from Creet, so journeyed on the way with Philotes, (without finding any adventure, worthy the remembrance) on a day he came to the Gate of the City Memphis, in Ægypt, where the Tyrant Busire held his residence.

When Hercules was come nigh unto the Gate, he took his Club that Philotes bare, and entred himself into the City. Hee had not béen long there, nor far gone, but Busire which was advertised of his comming, came against him with his complices, without speaking of any word, ran upon him. Hercules was well appointed, for he knew the Tyrant by his gesture, and the sign that was told him: he lifted up his Club when he saw him come, and as the Tyrant would have smitten him with his Sword, without any word speaking, he stroke the Tyrant on the right side so vehemently, that not onely he feld him to the earth, but

also all the ribs of his body were broken, that he could never relæve himself after. The Ægyptians seing Busire overthrown some ran to relæve him, and the rest assailed Hercules. Then was all the City in an uproze. Hercules was joyful he had overthrown the Tyrant, and began to make the Ægyptians to know his Club. He slew many of them, and the remnant he made to flye. His strokes were so forcible, that the Complices of Busire that were accustomed to shed mans blood, had their blood shed abroad, and could not remedy their mis chance, which was so great, that Hercules filled all the place with dead bodies. And after a long battel, he found himself alone, for there was no man so hardy that durst be seen before him. The people and the Commonalty of the Ægyptians, minded not the rescue of their King. When they saw him beaten, they all hated him, and beheld the Battel from far by very great routs. When Hercules had then laboured so much, that he found no man to fight with him, he set down his Club, and addressed him unto a great company of Ægyptians that stood there, and assured them he would do nothing unto them, and asked what people they were that had assailed him? They answered him knæling on their knæs, they were Man-slayers, Hang-men, and people of vicious and evil life: that their King, which he had first beaten down, was the worst of them all, and had purposed to put him to death as a stranger, to make Sacrifice unto the Gods. And they prayed him to Sacrifice their said King.

Hercules granting their petition, accorded it unto the people: and took this cursed Tyrant Busire, and boze him upon his shoulders, unto the Temple, which the Ægyptians shewed him. The false Tyrant cryed after help terribly: but his cry availed him not. The Ægyptians cryed unto Hercules, sacrifice, sacrifice him. When Hercules came into the Temple, he sacrificed him, after he had shewed him his cursed and evil life. And then when the fire was put unto the Sacrifice, it began to rain, and the great drought began to fail: Whereof the Ægyptians were so joyful, that none could expresse. They did sing praises unto Hercules, and brought him and Philotes unto the Palace, and constituted Hercules King over them: but he refused; and ordained

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Judges to govern them. Then he returned unto Queen Juno, who had great sorrow, and to King Creon who had great joy at the rehearsal of his good Fortune.

CHAP. III.

How *Hercules* espoused *Megara*: and how he was made Knight in *Thebes*.

JUst as the young Vine, by the industry and labour of the Husband-man, groweth in height, and his boughes spread abroad full of fruit: so Hercules labouring vertuously, grew in fruit of Nobleness: his Works, his Branches, then began to sprout abroad, and spread from Realm to Realm.

The secret conspiracies of Juno, and her cursed envies could not hurt nor diminish the vertue of Hercules. The more shee thought to harme him, the more she was the cause of his exaltation. As he was puissant and strong of body, he was yet more strong of vertue: for vertue was set in him, as the precious stone is in Gold, as the swéet smell is in the flower, as the ray of the Sun-beam is in the Sun: He was beloved of Kings, Princes, Ladies, Gentlewomen, Nobles, and all others, especially of Megara, the Daughter of King Creon. And verily she was not deceived, for Hercules loved her also, and was never hurt but he thought on her: Yet durst neither of them speak to other of this matter, they were ashamed to discover that, whereby they had hope to have honour, and often they bewailed to themselves desiring the day they might take each other in marriage.

So much they wished after that day, till at last it came. For on a morning, as Hercules was gone unto the Wood to take a wilde Beast, he remembred him of his Lady, and began to speak to himself softly: Shall I be alway in pain? Shall mine heart never be eased, but alway languishing in Love? I see all men in great joy, with their Loves and Ladies, and I think never how to come to the point of one onely, whom I have chosen above all other, I know not how to begin, I dare not speak to her, nor I have not assayed if she would condiscend: Shall I speak to her, I know not well how: If I speak to her, and she refuse me, I

shall fall in dispair, I shall dye for very grief of heart, I shall never after dare to come in any noble assembly, if all her friends were of one accord, to give her to me in marriage, and shée were not content and pleased, all were lost. The most jeopardy is, to have her good will, for without her grace I can do nothing: then it is necessary that I seek her good will, since it is so, for if I sleep thus, and speak not, I shall never atchieve, nor come to my purpose.

Hercules resolute in his purpose, and enflamed with great desire of Love, came from the Wood, abandoned the Wilde beast, and gave it over, to come to Megara, thinking how and by what words he might come, and shew unto her that which lay on his heart. He went so far, that hee came to the Garden of the Palace, where she was with many Ladies and Gentlewomen. He made to them reverence, untill he espyed the time that he might speak to Megara, and he wared so pensive that it is marvell: he intermitted nothing to confer with the Ladies, but therewith he drew him apart into the Garden. When the Ladies beheld him so pensive, divers of them came to him, and talked with him, to put him from his thoughts and pensivenesse, but they could not, at last Megara came to him. As son as Hercules saw her come, he began to sigh, and come against her. And shé said to him, Hercules why are yée so pensive? put away from you such melancholly, and tell me of your news I pray: Lady (answered Hercules) I thank you for your good visitation, since it pleaseth you to hear of my tidings, and to know them, I will tell you a part: First, the cause why I am brought into such perplexed melancholly as yée now sée, is, by beholding your perfections: for as I went to the Wood to hunt, the remembrance of your right Noble Beauty, continually being in mine imagination, came unto me, and made mée enter into a secret perplexity, to wit, whether I should alwaies live unrewarded of Love, and (if I durst say so to you) I have set my heart and love wholly on you. Madam, this perplexity was great, but in the end I concluded to come unto you, to know the conclusion of my Fortune, whether it be like or death: Being in this deliberation (thinking how I might spéed with you) in this point and doubtfulnesse,

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your coming hath put me out of a great thought of pensiveneſſe, for I knew not better how to come to the point, to ſpeak to you apart (as I do at this preſent) then to apply the matter in time, for I ſay to you in truth, that ſince the time of my Olympiads, I have deſired you night and day, and at that time I ſet my heart on your ſervice, reſolving to love you for ever. Madam, I know very well, that I have enterpriſed a thing that I am not worthy of: Notwithſtanding, I continue at your mercy, and require that you will be pleaſed to receive mee into your favour, in ſuch wiſe, that ſhortly we may appoint our Nuptial Day.

When Megara underſtood the words of her love Hercules, ſhe rejoyced in her heart exceedingly, and received great comfort; notwithſtanding ſhe was abaſhed, being ſhamefaſt, ſhe anſwered thus. Alas Hercules, by what fortune am I ordained to be beloved of ſo worthy a Gentleman? Your exceſſive proweſſe, your glorious labors, your reſplendant vertues are of ſuch value, that you are worthy to have to Wife, the moſt beautiful Lady in the world. With theſe words, the Gentlewomen came to them, and ſaid unto Megara, that it was time to withdraw her to dinner, which brake off their diſcourſe. Megara ſorrowful of haſty departing, that ſhe might not atchieve her purpoſe, by conſtraint took leave of Hercules, and went into the Hall, full fed with love and Hercules remained in the Garden, joyfull of the ſweet anſwer he had received.

When the Ladies had left Hercules in the Garden, he aſſembled Euriſteus and Amphitrion, and ſaid to them he had a great deſire to be marryed, and prayed them to go to King Creon, to know if he would give him his Daughter Megara. They ſpake to King Creon of this marriage: The King heard them ſpeak right gladly, for the matter pleaſed him: and he anſwered, that he might no where better beſtow his Daughter, than to the moſt Noble man of the world Hercules, whom he loved as his own Son, which was ſo valiant and Noble, and had no fellow like unto him. He was content to give to him his daughter, and with her what he would demand. Euriſteus and Amphitrion thanked the King for his courteous anſwer. Megara and Hercules were

MI - 1994

sent for, the King made them betroth each other, with great joy of both parties. Afterward in processe of time, the day of their espousals was celebrated with triumph, honour and joy. And then they lay together without more adoe, and lived together right honestly.

After the solemnity of this mariage, Hercules came to King Creon, and desired hee would bestow upon him the Honour of Knight-hood, forasmuch as the Nobles of the Realm of Icony, were come unto him, and with a general consent, had chosen him to be King of their City, for his good renown. King Creon (joyfull of that) answered, that he would accomplish his desire: but would that it should be done at a certain day assigned, saying, that then he would make a noble Feast, where men should Just, and Tourney, and that he would cause to come thither all the Kings and Princes of Greece. Hercules accorded and agreed, and the King sent his messengers unto all the Kings of Greece, and prayed them to bee present at the Knighting of a Noble-man, that shall hold a solemn sport, at a day named and appointed, to answer all them that shall come to the Justs. The renown of this Feast, was born unto all the Kingdomes of Greece: The provision and Ordinance was great in Thebes, one and other disposed them to be there; the time passed and the day came, many a King and Knight was come at that time to Thebes. Theseus and Jason the Sons of King Eson, was there amongst the rest. The Kings made a great stir, and pompous shews about ten of the clock before noon. The King Creon went into the place that was ordained for the Justs. At a corner in the same place there was a Tent, in which was Hercules all alone: At that time, the Ladies & Gentlewomen mounted upon the Scaffolds, the Justers came into the place, and no man knew or wist who should be this new Knight. When King Creon saw the knights were in on all sides, and the Ladies were seated on the Scaffolds he sent for Hercules, & made him Knight after their Statutes. Then Hercules mounted upon his Horse, took his Spear and Shield, and challenged them that were there, that each man should do his devoyre. Then one and other that desired to win honour, took their Spears and ran against Hercules, and began a

Just.

Justing that was hot and sharp; their Speares were strong, and brake not easily, but they met oftentimes, and some were overthrown and struck off their Horses. They that might not Just against Hercules, assailed each other, like to like.

Jason and Theseus justed often against Hercules, and Pyrothus, Son of King Ixion likewise: All bare themselves valiantly, notwithstanding Hercules abode all men, no man could abide his strokes, but he bare them all down except Jason, which encountred him divers times, and gave him great strokes. Hercules bare down Theseus to the earth, and Pyrothus, and nigh fifty strong Knights. He did shew so much valour, that no man abode in the place, but Jason and he, then he ceased the Justs, for the valour that Hercules found in Jason, he ever after had a speciall love to him, and took acquaintance of him, and made him great chear. At the end of the justing, Knights, Ladies, & Gentlewomen went to the Palace, there was Hercules made K. of Icony. The feast was very rich, more than I can rehearse, the strangers were highly feasted, and thanked. When all the feast was ended, with honor and glory of Hercules, there was no more to do, whereof any memory is to speak. Pyrothus prayed them that were there, to be at his Wedding in Thessalonica, at a certain day named, each man promised him to go thither. Every one took leave of Hercules, when time was come of departing, each man returned into his Country, and they could not marvel enough at the glory abounding and likely to abound in Hercules, which was courteous and humble, not proud for the grace that he had in temporall honour, He was so vertuous, that he was not the more high-minded therefore, nor exalted himself, but the more meek, and submitted himself.

CHAP. IV.

How the *Centaures* ravished *Hypodamia*, at the Wedding of *Pyrothus*, and how *Hercules* recovered her again, and vanquished the *Centaures* in battell.

TO continue our matter, when Hercules saw the day of the Wedding of Pyrothus approach, he disposed him to go thither,

ther by space of time, and took Phylotes with him, and at all aduenture took with him his Armor of the skin of the Lion. When Megara saw him depart, she was sore troubled for his departing, and more for that he took his Armour with him, for she thought, if Hercules heard of any great exploit, he would go thither, and assay himself against it. With great sighs shee looked after him, as far as she might, praying to the Gods, that they would bring him shortly again. Hercules and Phylotes went forth into the Country, and hasted on their journey as much as they could, until they came into Thessalonica, where they were received with great joy of Pyrothus and his friends. They found there a very great assembly of Noble men, Ladies and Gentlewomen, Theseus and Jason were there. The friends of Jason desired that he should be made Knight, wherefore they presented him to Hercules, who gave him the order of Knight-hood. And Hercules said, he had seen in him a good begining of a Noble man, and if he may live, he shall attain to things high and noble. Among other things, the Wedding day came, the City was full of Nobles, and the Centaures were there, they were an hundred Giants armed, that ran as the wind, which King Ixion had got in Thessaly, of whom some dwelt in Molosse, and other in Aphyte a City of Epyre, Hypodamia the Queen thereof, was the Lady and Bride of the Wedding. There were come many Kings and Princes, of whom I have not the names: The Queen Hypodamia and Pyrothus were married together, after their Law. When the time of the dinner was come, they set the Lady in the Hall, where a general feast was made. At this feast all the comers were amply served with all manner of wines and meats, especially the Centaures made passing good chear, and drunk so much wine, that the chief Captain named Euricus, and some of the other, had words together, and troubled the feast. Then they fought together, and cast at each other, pots, platters, wine and meat, so that many were slain. Then was there a great noyse in the Hall. Euricus & fifty of his Giants issued out of the presse, and went to fetch their Armour: And being armed, they entred the Hall, and not content with the trouble they had made (albeit Hercules and others indevoured to appease them, that slew each

other)

other) they took Queen Hypodamia, and ravished her, then fled: When the Ladies saw this outrage, they cryed out, The fray was so great, that Hercules, Jason, Pyrothus and Theseus, ran unto them, and when they knew that the Centaures had ravished the Lady, they went presently and armed them.

Hercules put on the skin of the Lion, and took his Sword, his bow, and his arrows, and went after the Giants, without staying for any other company. They were placed under a Tree, and there trained them in battel ray, because they knew, the first that should come after them would be Hercules. They hated him secretly, and envyed his glory, and they swore the death of him; At that time when they were in these termes, Eurieus espyed Hercules afar off, and shewed him unto his company. He was all alone, and came not a slow pace like a man, but ran as nimbly as a Hart in the Valley, he seemed to fly in the aire. The swiftnesse of Hercules, frighted not the Centaures, for they were about fourscore, and were all of great courage: They took their Spears, Poleaxes, Swords, and other Weapons, and some of the strongest were against Hercules: But as soon as he was come so nigh as to shot at them, he bent his bow, and with an arrow smote a Centaure named Grineus, so that the arrow fastned his head to a Tree, with the second arrow he smote another Giant named Petreus in the brest, through his Armour quite through his body, with the third he hit Dorillus a terrible Giant, and nailed his hand to his face, of which stroke he dyed.

He shot many more Arrows, as long as he had any, and he shot none, but with it he hurt or slew one or other of the Giants, when his shot failed, the Giants being grieved for the death of their fellows by the shot and strong hand of Hercules, they ran upon him, and invironed him on all sides. Sisacus, Nessus, Lincus, Silo, Lodeuin and Piseon, were the first that smote upon Hercules with their swords, then hee took his sword, and came against Pheotones, that had an Axe, so great, that it was an ordinary mans burden, Pheotones presently lift up his Axe, and thought to have smitten Hercules, but he knowing enough of the War, turned him from the stroke, so that the Axe fell to the ground, then Hercules caught the Axe, and plucked it out of his hands,

and forthwith gave him a stroke with it, that hée smote off his right arm at the shoulder.

Thus began the battell of Hercules with the Centaures, Jason and Theseus came to the battel, and well proved their youth For to incourage the other, Hercules thrust himself among the Giants, and so wrought with the Axe, that they cursed Pheotones that brought it thither, and beating down all before them. Hercules began to seek for Hypodamia, and found her night to Euricus. Then he spake to Euricus, and said, thou evil glutton, thou hast this day troubled the Feast, and stolu the Lady of my friend Pirothus, and now I will trouble thy spirit, with this he up with his Axe and smote Euricus on the head, that he fell dead to the great grief of all the other Giants, for beholding the Axe dyed with the blod of Euricus their Captain, they were all abashed: Then began *Hercules* to smite more and more upon the Giants, there was none then so resolute but was afraid, nor so hardy but began to hide himself, his strokes were not to be born, he put all his enemies to flight: Finally with the help of Jason, Theseus and Pirothus, that were marvellous valiant, they vanquished and chased them to a river, where twelve of them saved themselves by swiming over, and all the rest were slain, save only Lyncus that Hercules held prisoner, because he prayed for mercy, and yelded to him. Thus were the Centaures destroyed more by the hand and strength of Hercules, than by any other: When he had cleared the place of all the Centaures, he and his fellows returned to Hypodamia, and brought her again to the City with great triumph. The Ladies rejoyced for the recovery of Hypodamia, and renewed again the Feast, that indured afterwards eight daies, very great and sumptuous.

CHAP. V.

How *Pluto* ravished *Proserpina*, & how *Orpheus* went for her to Hel: how Queen *Ceres* came to the weding of *Pirothus*, & how *Theseus* and *Pirothus* frought with *Cerberus*, the Porter of hell.

AT this time, a little before the Wedding of *Pirothus*, Pluto the King of Molosse, Son of Saturn, and Brother of Jupiter,

piter sailed by Sea, seeking adventures, so long he sailed that he arrived in Sicill, and found there nigh to the water side, a very great assembly of Sicilians, that hallowed the feast of their gods When Pluto saw this feast, he armed twenty of his company under their robes, and went in this manner to see the feast, and thief if he could find any booty. This Pluto was the greatest thief, and the most lecherous man in the world, & had with him a Giant named Cerberus, enough like unto Pluto in condition and courage, but he was more strong and puissant of body, all the other were great as Giants, and had learned nothing but do practice mischief, and could do nothing else.

When the Sicilians saw Pluto come and his fellows, they supposed it had been some of their neighbours that came to see their plaies, and sports, for as much as they came clothed in their garments, and saw none of their Armor or harnesse, and they forced them to sing and dance, but their Songs & Dances did not continue long, for in coming to them, King Pluto cast his eye aside, and saw the Queen of that Country, that beheld the feast, and by her, her Daughter, that made a Garland of flowers: The Mother was named Ceres, and the Daughter was called Proserpina, and was married to a Nobleman, named Orpheus, that late by her and played on a Harp: this Proserpina was marvellous fair. And anon as Pluto had seen her, he desired and coveted her and advertised his folk secretly of her, and after came nigh unto her, that he set his hands on her, and laid her on his back, and bare her away.

When Orpheus and Ceres saw Proserpina taken away, they cryed out pittifully unto Pluto, with this cry the Sicilians left their feast, and ran after Pluto in great numbers, Men and Women, hoping to have rescued Proserpina. But when Cerberus & his companions saw the uproar, they drew their Swords, and shewed their Weapons, and smote upon them that approached them, slaying them abundantly, they retired, and went unto the Port, in despight of the Sicilians and Orpheus. They guided Pluto to his ship, and after they did anchor, and carryed away Proserpina. The Sicilians were then unprovided of arms, and could not withstand the taking away of Proserpina. At the de-

parting from the Port, was made a most sharp lamentation. Proserpina wept on the one side most pittifully, Ceres on the other side, with the Sicilians made no scarcity of tears. Orpheus also failed not to furnish his tears with deep sighs, for he loved Proserpina, and shee loved him as well. At their departing their hearts were brought to a grievous distress, with so great anguish that Proserpina fell down in a swound, and Orpheus ravished with anger, that he returned to his Palace, when he had lost the sight of Proserpina, and kept himself close in his chamber, without speaking to any in two daies.

At the end of two daies Ceres came to visit Orpheus, that would neither eat nor drink, and said unto him, she knew well the ravisher of her daughter, that it was Pluto King of Molosse, and that he dwelt in a part of Thessaly, in a low base City, called Hell, forasmuch as in this Isle, King Pluto and his fellows did so much harm that they were compared to Devils, and their City named Hell. When Orpheus understood that Proserpina was in Hell, he took a little hope in himself, and ate and drank, & made a vow he would never rest in peace untill he had been in Hell to see Proserpina.

After he had eaten, he sent his Mariners and bade them make ready a Ship: When the Ship was furnished (after leave taken of Queen Ceres) in disguised habit he entred into the Ship with his Harp, and made his Mariners to sail forth on the Sea, in such wise that he arrived at one of the Ports of Thessaly, Orpheus went there on Land, and commanded his Mariners that they should abide for him in that place, till a certain time by him appointed. He departed and went from Country to Country, so long till he came to the Gate of Hell, which Cerberus kept, there he began to play on his Harp most melodiously.

When Cerberus heard the Musical sound of the Harp, he lifted up his cursed head, and came out of the Gate, to know who he was that played so Melodiously: And by the sound of the Harp he found Orpheus, and thinking that Pluto would gladly hear him, (to rejoyce Proserpina that alway wept) he caused him to enter into the City, and brought him before the King. Orpheus then began to play again on his Harp. When King Pluto heard

him

him, he took great pleasure therein, and so did all they that were there. Then Pluto sent for Proserpina, when she was come and heard him play with his Harp, shee knew it was her Husband, then was shee sore abashed, whereas she had sore wept before, she wept much more now. Pluto was sorry for the grief of Proserpina, and said to Orpheus, if hee could play with his Harp so as the Lady should cease her weeping, he would give him what hee should ask of him. Orpheus promised him that hee would, and Pluto sware to him, that hee would keep his promise, if hee did so. Then Orpheus tuned his Harp, and played divers Songs so sweetly, the infernal Cerberus, and many other fell asleep, and Proserpina, by the means of certain signes and tokens that Orpheus made with his eyes, ceased her weeping.

When Pluto saw Proserpine cease her weeping, he was right joyous, hee then awoke Cerberus and the other that slept and said to Orpheus he had well Harped, that no man could do better: and that he should demand something, and he would give it him without fail. Orpheus hearing the words of Pluto, had great perplexity in himself to know what he should demand, in the end he said to him, Sir, I am Orpheus the husband of this Lady, and for her love I have enterprized to come hither in this case, now I pray you that you will render her again to mee, that I may bring her again to her mother, that dieth for sorrow. When Pluto had heard the request that Orpheus made, hee was all amazed at the hardinesse that he had shewed: Howbeit, he said to him, Orpheus, you have demanded Proserpina, shee is the Lady that I most love in all the World: Nevertheless, to accomplish my promise, that I have made unto you, take her, upon condition that you bring her out of this City without loking behind you, and if it happen that you once lok behind you, ye shall lose her. At this answer Orpheus was content, and it seemed to him that his Wife was as good as recovered again, hee and Proserpina passed over that night in good hope. When morning was come Pluto delivered Proserpina to Orpheus, upon condition before rehearsed. He and his Wife took leave of King Pluto, & thanked him: After they went on their way, but he had not gone half way to the gate, but hee loked privily behind him, to see if any

man followed him, and there he found Cerberus at his hæls, that took away his Wife from him, and delivered her again unto the King.

Orpheus seeing by this unhappinesse he had lost his Wife, began to curse the day that he was born and he followed after her, and began again to Harp, and offered great gifts to recover her again, but it was said to him he should never have her again, and also, that if he had used the feats of arms, as hée had the strings of his Harp, he should have dyed. With this conclusion Orpheus departed from Hell, full of sorrow, and returned into Sicill, unto Quéen Ceres, telling her his adventure. The Quéen being assured that her Daughter was in Hell, and being advertised that in Thessaly should be hallowed the Feast of the Wedding of Pirothus, where were many Knights of great fame, she went to the Sea, and came fitly to Thessalonica, while the feast endured. In approaching the City, on an afternoon as Pirothus and Theseus were in the field, they met her. Her attendance was great. Theseus and Pirothus saluted her, and shée saluted them again, and asked them the estate of the feast of the Wedding. They told, and resounted her all. After shée demanded of them if there were no Knights of great name, and high enterprizes: when they understood that shée enquired so far, they would know what shée was, and demanded her name: I am (said shée) the Lady Ceres of Sicil. Then spake Theseus and said, Madam, you are welcome, for what occasion demand you if in the feast be any Knights of Enterprize? I can tell you that there bée, notwithstanding I do wish you, and also require, that you declare unto us the cause why you have thus demanded?

Sir (said the Lady) since it pleaseth you to enquire of my estate so far: Know you for certain that I have made my demand, forasmuch as Pluto King of Hell, hath ravished my Daughter Proserpina, by which I am hurt unto death. And I would gladly find some Knight that of his courtesie would imploy him to get her again, and assail the cursed Tyrant: who I pray God may be damned everlastingly for his demerits. Wherefore I pray you if you know any that will bée mercifull to mée, that it please you for charity to direct mée unto him. Madam (answered

red Theseus) be you no more inquisitive to find such a Knight as you seek: for in the favour of all Ladies I will bee your Knight in this work, and promise you upon mine honour, that I will transport mee into Hell. And King Pluto shall never have peace with mee untill the time hee hath restored your Daughter.

When Pyrothus heard the enterprize of Theseus, he began to break off his words, and said to him. My Brother, what think you to do, when you enterprize to go into Hell? you know not the bounds, nor the scituation of that place. Hell standeth behind the inner Sea, between Mountains and Rocks, so nigh, that the Citizens therein, be in continual darknesse and shadow: and the entry is so difficult, that it is impossible to come within the City, unlesse the Porter consent: For here beforetime, many have gone thither, that be there left and abiding: there goeth no man thither that ever cometh again. It is right an hell, and each man nameth it Hell, as well for the scituation thereof in so darke and unlightsome a place: as for the inhumanity and terribleneſſe of the Inhabitants that wait to do evil to all the world. Theseus answered unto Pyrothus, and said: There is nothing impossible unto a valiant heart.

King Pluto is cruel and strong, his folk and people tyranous. His City standeth in a Countrey environed with mortal perils. Notwithstanding surely the doubt and fear of these things, shall never daunt my courage, but that I will do my endeavour to atchieve this enterprize, and will perform my promise, or will have reproach of all Knights. For a man to keep his own honor, ought not to doubt any peril whatsoever it should be.

When Pyrothus had heard the noble answer of Theseus, hee allowed it greatly and said unto him, that his words were to him so acceptable, that he would hold him company in this adventure. The Queen Ceres, thanked the two Knights: so they brought her into the City, and to the Palace, she being there received and feasted. The stealing away of her Daughter was told, and the enterprize of the two Knights. By the report of this adventure, and the enterprize that Theseus and Pyrothus had made, all the feast was troubled again on anew. Among all o-

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UMI - 1994

ther Hypodamia considering that her Husband that was so newly married unto her would go in this perillous voyage of Hell; her eyes began to weep, and would receive no comfort unto her heart. The feast ended in great sorrow. Jason and Hercules would gladly have gone with Theseus and Pyrothus, and spake thereof to them, but they would not suffer them. Then departed Hercules, and entred into a Ship, as if he would have gone into his Countrey: each man likewise departed, and Theseus and Pyrothus took their way to go unto Hell. And then about their departing, whereof Hercules was advertised. Hercules made for to direct his ship unto the marches of Hell, and there went a land alone, concluding in himself that he would go after Pyrothus and Theseus his loyal and true fellows, and gave Phylotes charge to bring Lincus unto Thebes, and put him there in Prison until his coming again. After he departed and Phylotes shipped in the Sea, where he had a doloyous adventure as shall be said hereafter. But at this time I must cease speaking of that matter, and will recount of Hercules how he went into Hell.

CHAP. VI.

How *Hercules* found *Pyrothus* dead at the Gate of *Hell*, and *Theseus* in danger; and how *Hercules* vanquished *Cerberus*. and how he rescued *Proserpina* from *Pluto*.

IN this place it ought to be spoken, that when Theseus and Pyrothus were departed from Thessalonica, to try if they could recover the fair Lady Proserpina: they travelled so much that by their diligence in short time they arrived in the Valley where was Proserpina, full of sinne and cursednesse. Pyrothus that knew the Country, found the direct way that went into the City, and entred first therein. This way was so strait, that there could but one at once go neither on the right side nor on the left, the Rocks were so high, that no man might go on either side. When they had passed this way, they found a Rock that was cut into stairs, hewed out with Chizels. Then they saw beneath them Hell, a City strongly environed with waters that fell

down

down fearfully from the Rocks, and made a terrible roaring: for they fell from high into a low vault in the earth. This City was inclosed with Mountains. A very Hell, having no more but one Gate: then to come down to the Gate, Pyrothus and Theseus descended down by the stairs made in the Rock. In the descending, suddenly they saw come out of the Gate, a marvailous great Gyant, that had an head marvailously mis-shapen, fierce, black and ugly. He had his nose high and wide, his chin long, his teeth as great as Horse teeth, his eyes like unto an Oxe, his ears hanging like a hound, his shoulders large and broad, his belly swolne, his leggs and thighes were strongly boned and mighty. This terrible Gyant was Cerberus, whereof is touched before.

The Poets named him the hound with three heads, considering his grievous and unhappy living, which is compared unto three singular vices: to wit, to Pride, Avarice and Letchery. By Pride, he glorified himself, and exalted him above all the men in the world, with his strength, he was so strong that no man could withstand him. By Avarice and covetousnesse, hee had an appetite insatiable to gather treasures together, and bare away all that he could find. By Luxurie, there was no man living of more foul life then he was: for he had never done other thing in all his life, then defile and ravish women and Maidens, Ladies and Gentlewomen, so the Poets rightly named him an hound with three heads, for he was foul, as a Hound that liveth in multiplication of sins, and taketh therein his felicity. When Theseus and Pyrothus had espyed this Cerberus come unto them all armed, making the wheel in marching proudly unto them, Pyrothus said to Theseus, my Brother, behold, what enemy this is, he that putteth him in such perils for the love of Ladies, setteth but little by his life. It behoveth us now to live or dye, let us now atchieve joyously our enterprize, to the end that you may not think but that I had rather die then have reproach, I will be the first that shall begin the battel. Theseus had no space nor leisure to answer, for Cerberus came to them, and called to them, saying: what seek these fellows in Hell? We come (said Theseus) to seek Proserpina, whom Pluto hath taken away from

the Quæn Ceres. We will never return into our Countrey, until the time we bring her with us. Truly (said Cerberus) if ye will return into your Country, you shall render again Proserpina, but I will forbid you the return. And this day I will present unto Proserpina, my Sword dyed in your blood, and here you shall be buried: you shall never see Proserpina, nor come no nearer then you be now. With these words hee lifted up his sword, and gave so great a stroke at Theseus upon his shield, that he did bear away an half quarter of it.

When Pyrothus saw his fellow smitten, he took his sword and smote Cerberus on the one side, and Theseus on the other side, and they gave him two very great strokes, that they made Cerberus to be chafed so sore, that he began the battel unmeasurably, that he brake their Shields, and Harnesse, and also made his sword to be dyed with their noble blood, as he had before said. The battel was hard and mortal at the begining. Theseus and Pyrothus received many wounds by eager strokes, their Arms were all behewn and broken. The battel endured very long, and Pyrothus behaved himself very well: but Cerberus smote upon him so unmeasurably, that after many wounds given to him, he brake his helme, and cleaved his head into two peeces unto the stomack.

When Theseus saw his fellow dye, he struck Cerberus so fiercely that he made him stagger, and go back two paces. Cerberus would have avenged him of his stroke, and smote Theseus so that if the noble Knight had not turned back, Cerberus had smitten him unto death. This stroke of Cerberus fell upon the earth and entred therein, and Theseus smote again upon his enemy, which began to roar like an old Lyon, and struck Theseus so fiercely with his sword, that he brake his shield, and so bruised his helm, that he was astonished at the stroke. But alway Theseus abode in the place: and then Cerberus would have brought him to destruction, following the evil adventure of Pirothus, if Fortune had not brought Hercules thither, who came so fitly to rescue Theseus that he knew not else how to save himself.

At this point when Theseus was so astonished, Hercules that was departed from the sea (as is said) came to the stairs that were

were cut in the Rock, and beholding Theseus all covered with blood, and Pirothus dead, he began to descend down, crying to Theseus that he should not be afraid. When Cerberus saw and heard Hercules, hee began to cry again and roar, to be quit of him. Theseus was recomforted with the voyce of Hercules, but however he began to run here and there before Cerberus.

So much then hasted Hercules down the stairs, in entring the place, and as hastily as hee might, he cryed to Cerberus, cruel Tyrant, let the Knight run and come to mée: thou hast put to death my good friend Pyrothus, whereof I am sorry, but I will take vengeance of thée for him. Cerberus hearing the sentence of Hercules ran no more after Theseus, but tarried and beheld Hercules with a fierce look, and answered him, So meaneth he to revenge his shame, that so beléeveth: I have destroyed thy fellow unto death, and unlesse thou excéed him in skill of armes and in bodily strength an hundred fold double, it is folly for thée to come hither: For I am Cerberus the Porter of Hell, that at report of my name all the world trembleth.

Thus ending his answer, Hercules was at the fot of the Rock, and he had his Club upon his shoulder. Cerberus came against him, they smote each other lustily, and thus they began a very hard battel: then Theseus, that was weary sate by, and rested him, drying and cleansing his wounds of the blood that came out of him.

Hercules beheld Theseus cleansing his great wounds, he began to imploy the force of his strength and might, by such marvaile, that with a stroke that he gave him on his helme, he made him to stoop under his Club, and to knéel to the ground with the left knée, and at the second stroke in pursuing him hastily, hée made his sword to flye out of his hand, then he made him to fall on his arms to the ground. and with the third stroke, as Cerberus thought to have relæved him and gotten his Sword, Hercules smote him upon the body, that he made his head réel against a great stone: after that he sprang upon him, and bound his legs with the strength & force of his hands in despight of the Gyant, and he tore the Helme off his head, and would have slain him, but Theseus prayed him that he would not put him to death

there, but that he would bring him into Thessalonica, to dye by the sentence of the Quæn Hypodamia.

Cerberus was not then put to death, at the request of Theseus. Notwithstanding Hercules, bound his hands behind his back, and after he made him arise, and took him by the beard, and made him go up on the Rock, and there he laid him down, and bound his feet, his hands, and his neck together, in such wise, that he durst not remove. When he had done so, he went down, and entred into the Gate of Hell, and leaving there Theseus, he went so farre that he found the Palace of King Pluto, and there came into the same Hall where Pluto was with Proserpina. All they that were there, marvailed at him, when they saw him entred: for they knew not of the overcoming of Cerberus, as they that left all the charge and keeping of their City to him, without having any doubt or suspition: also they were so farre from the Gate, that they might not heat of the battell, nor knew of nothing that befel their Porter. Then when Hercules had found Pluto and Proserpina, hee had great joy, and knew him by certain marks, he addressed him towards Pluto, and said: Pluto, by thy treachery, Sicil is now full of heavinesse, for the ravishing of this Lady, which thou hast not granted to yæld, and render again to her husband Orpheus. I know not what pleasure thou hast therein, but I will make thæ to repent, this injury, in following the evil adventure of Cerberus, whom I have vanquished. With these words Hercules lifted up his Club, and gave such a stroke to Pluto, that he overthrew him to the earth, so that he moved neither head nor foot. When he had so beaten Pluto, thinking that he had bæn dead, he assailed them that were there murmuring, and put them all to death lightly with his Club, in the presence of Proserpina, who trembled for fear. Then he comforted Proserpina, and said to her, he was come unto that place to deliver her, and to bring her again to her Mother, and that she should boldly follow him, Proserpina hearing this, was comforted with the words of Hercules, and followed him.

Hercules opened the dor, and went out, and Proserpina with him. After he addressed him unto the Gate of the Palace, it

hapned

hapned that there he found a great company of Citizens, that were advertized of this fray, and they ran upon him unmeasurably pursuing him to death. When *Hercules* saw that, he willed Proserpina to get her apart. After that, he lifted up his Club, and began to skirmish with his enemies with such valour, that he covered all the entry of the Palace with those miserable Tyrants that he slew, for he put to death more then four hundred. So that the other fled and gave it over: and then when he saw his enemies dead and scattered, he took Proserpina by the hand and lead her out of the Gate of the City.

Theseus (that tarried at the Gate, as is said) rejoyced greatly when he saw Hercules come again with Proserpina: he arose and met them and saluted the Lady, and presented to Hercules a Chain of Iron, that he had found at the Gate, and many prisoners bound by Cerberus. Hercules unbound the Prisoners, and took the Chain and bound Cerberus therewith. And when he had buried Pyrothus, he departed from Hell, and took his way with Proserpina, Theseus, and Cerberus, and journeyed, till he arrived in Thessalonica, and delivered Proserpina to the Queen Ceres: and to Hypodamia he presented Cerberus, rehearsing to her and the Ladies, how he had slain Pyrothus. Hypodamia had so great sorrow for the death of Pyrothus, that to recount it is impossible. All they of Thessaly likewise made great sorrow for their Lord. And to revenge his death, Hypodamia did cause Cerberus to be bound to a stake in the Theater of the City, where young and old tormented and vexed him three daies, drawing him by the beard, and spitting in his face; after slew him inhumanely. And when Hercules and Theseus, Ceres and Proserpina had tarried there a while in comforting Hypodamia, they took their leave, and Hercules went accompanied with Theseus toward the City of Thebes. But I will leave them, and speak of the adventures of Philotes.

CHAP. VII.

How *Andromedus* delivered *Lyncus*: And how he slew in battel the King *Creon*, and took the City of *Thebes*.

WHen Philotes had received into his guard and keeping Lyncus, Hercules was gone to the succour of Theseus

and Pyrothus, as before is said: the Marriners took their Ship and sailed all that day without finding any Adventure. But on the morrow betimes in the morning, Fortune that alwaies turneth without any resting, brought to them a great Ship, that drew his course unto the same place that they came from. Andromedus King of Calcide was Captain of this Ship. This Andromedus was Cozen to Lyncus. When he had espyed the Ship where Lyncus was, he made his Galley to row thitherwards, and said: he would know what people were therein. In approaching the Ship of Thebes, Lincus beheld the Galley of Andromedus, and knew it by the Signes and Flags that it bore. Andromedus demanded of the Marriners, to whom the Ship belonged. When Lyncus saw and heard Andromedus, he broke the answer of the Marriners, and cryed to him Andromedus, loe here thy friend Lyncus, if thou give mée no succour thou mayest lose a good friend in mée: for I am a Prisoner, and *Hercules* hath sent mée into Thebes.

Andromedus hearing Lyncus, had great anger, for he loved Lyncus well, and called to them that brought him, and said to them, that they were all come unto their death. And also that they were under his ward. *Philotes* and his folk, were furnished with Armes and Harnesse, and made them all ready to defend themselves, and with little talke, they of Calcide assailed Philotes, and Phylotes, and his folk employed them at their defence. The battaile was great, but ill fortune and mishap turned in such wise upon the fellows of *Philotes*, that they were all slain. Andromedus had two hundred men in his company, all Robbers on the Sea. These Théeves smote fiercely upon *Philotes*, and hewed his arms, striking, and giving him many wounds. But their strong resistance profited them but little for in the end, he was taken and bound, and Lyncus was delivered and unbound from the bonds of *Hercules*.

Lyncus had great joy of his deliverance: thanked his good friend Andromedus. After this, he told him how he was taken, and how Hercules had dissipated and destroyed the Centaures. And among other he named many of his friends that were dead, whereat Andromedus had so great displeasure, that he swore incontinently

continenly, he would revenge it. That as Hercules, had slain his friends, in like manner he would destroy his kinsfolks. He said to him, that Hercules was gone into Hell. And after demanded, how he would revenge him upon the friends of Hercules: and thereupon they were long thinking. In the end, when they had taken advice, Andromedus concluded, that hee would assaile the City of Thebes, and if he might get it by assault, he would slea the King Creon and all them of his blud.

With this conclusion, came thither all the Galleys of Andromedus, in which he had eight thousand fighting men. Andromedus made them to return toward Thebes, and as hastily as he might, he entred into the Realm, wasting and destroying the Countrey by fire and sword so terribly, that the tydings came unto King Creon. When he knew of the coming of the King Andromedus, and that without defiance, hee made him Warre, he sounded to arms, and assembled a great company, and knowing that Andromedus was come into a certain place, he issued out of Thebes all armed, and brought his people upon his Enemies, that received them joyfully. And set themselves in order against them, and joyned their Battails. The cry was great on both sides, spears, swords, darts, guisarmes, arrows and poleaxes were set a work. Many Nobles were beaten down. Lyncus and Andromedus fought valiantly: King Creon and Amphitrion failed not, there was blud abundantly shed on both sides. The battail was cruel and sharpe, so that Andromedus and his people, got ground from them of Thebes, and constrained them to retire: whereof King Creon had great sorrow, and put his men again in array, casting himself in the greatest presse of the battail, where he fought mortally, and made such slaughter among his enemies, that Lyncus and Andromedus heard of the skirmish, and came together. As Lyncus saw the King Creon do marvailes at Armes, he gave him three strokes one after another, and with the fourth stroke, he burst his Helm in pæces, and slew him: whereof they of Thebes were sore afraid, and dispaired so, that they were utterly discomfited, and fled: which flight Amphitrion could not remedy, albeit he was strong and of great courage.

Of this overthrow Thebes was haſtily advertiſed. Megara was gone up upon an high Tower of the Palace, and beheld the battail: and ſaw them of Thebes ſlain without remedy, and alſo turn their backs. The ſight of the beating down of the King her Father, and the view of the others, made her to cry out of Fortune, and ſaid: Unhappy Thebes, what miſchief is befaln thée? Where is Hercules? Alas what is become of him? That he is not here, to defend the Country of his nativity, to kéep his Wife from her foes, and like a Bulwarke, to defend this City from her enemies.

When ſhe had ſaid this, ſhe fell into a ſwoune, and ſo lay a great while. Then they of Thebes flying, Andromedus and Lyncus followed them ſo cloſe, that they entred the City with them. And forasmuch as the Thebians were without head and put out of array, and Amphitrion had ſo many Wounds upon him, that his ſtrength failed: ſo the unhappy Lyncus and Andromedus tok the City, and ſlew all that might bear Arms, except Amphitrion, whom they found not in the heat. Afterward they went into the Palace, and there they found Megara and Amphitrion in great deſolation, with many Ladies and Gentlewomen.

When Lyncus ſaw Megara (ſhe was ſo fair and pleaſant) he became amorous of her, and came to her and ſaid, Lady wæp no more: *Hercules* the baſtard Son of Jupiter is gone into Hell, and there he is dead. You have béen Wife of a man gotten in adultery, from henceforth ye ſhall be Conſort and Wife of a man legitimate, and born in lawful marriage: for I will marry you, and yéld you more pleaſure then ever you had. Megara anſwered, falſe Traitor, thinkeſt thou I am ſo foliſh to give credit to the murtherer of my Father, and enemy of my Lord *Hercules*? Know thou that I am his Wife, and that I will never have other Husband but him: he is no Baſtard, but Son of the Lord Amphitrion, and the moſt noble man that is in all the World. Lady (anſwered Lyncus) I am King of this City, you are now at my command, will ye, or will ye not, I ſhall do my will with you, but I will take reſpite in my ſufferance till to morrow. After theſe words, Lyncus ſent Megara into a Tower, and made

made her be kept there. After he sent Philotes into a low Prison, and finding there in bondage and misery Priamus the Son of King Laomedon, he had pity of him, and sent him again to Troy, where he was received with great joy of the Trojans.

CHAP. VIII.

How *Hercules* entred into *Thebes* in an unknown habit: and how he put to death the Gyant *Lyncus* and his Complices, and his Wife *Megara*.

WHile by the Sword of Lyncus and Andromedus, Thebes was taken, Lyncus exercised there many tyrannies. For Andromedus departed, leaving Lyncus there, with four hundred men of Warre, to kéep the City, and to hold it under his command. Thus were the Centaures revenged. Juno coming into Thebes, rejoyced greatly when she found it desolate, full of Widdows and Orphants, and in the hands of Hercules his enemies; then great were the lamentations of Megara: but Amphitrion being nigh her, comforted her. Lyncus came many times to her into the Prison, and requested her love in the best manner he could. Yet his fair words availed him not, for hee found her constant and firme, alwaies kéeping inviolable her chastity, and gave him many vertuous answers, whereof this is one, and the last: Lyncus thou hast conquered Thebes, and Fortune hath given it unto thée, whereby thou hast enriched thy self with vices. Thou now hast power to commit on mée murther: but thy power, nor thy sins be not so strong, to make my vertue bow to thée. Megara alwaies bewailed Hercules: she lamented so much on a day, that she became all ravished, and in a Trance. That same day, Hercules (being departed from Thessalonica a good while before) journeyed so that he entred into the Realm of Thebes accompanied with many Noble men. He found the Countrey all destroyed. And he had not gone farre, when it was told him, how Lyncus was Lord of Thebes: and how hée had slain in battail the King Creon and imprisoned Megara.

When Hercules had received these tydings, her was replenished with anger, and said that he would revenge him if hée

night. Then he clothed him with a Mantle above his Armour, and disguised himself: when he had so done, hee left there his fellows, and entred alone into Thebes, and being unknown, passed through the Gate, and carried himself so well, that the Porters let him passe through: till he came to the Palace. At the entry of the Palace a Souldier came to him, and demanded what he sought there: Hercules cast away his Mantle, and betook him to his Sword, and without speaking hee gave so great a stroke to the Souldier, that being unarmed, he cleft his head from the highest part down to the ground. Many other souldiers that were there, seeing the stroke, were afraid, and ran to their Axes and Clubs, and some came and fought with Hercules; but he stroke off their heads, and then began to arise so great an uproze, that Lyncus heard it: and thinking it had been his Porters that had quarrelled, he came running down unarmed, to make peace. As soon as Hercules perceived him coming out of the hall, he drew unto him with his Sword ready drawn in his hand: crying Hercules, Hercules, and stroke him so, that he cut off his right arme, and with the stroke he fell to the ground. And he laid upon others, that had no helms on their heads, nor targets on their backs: and then they knew that it was Hercules. He slew them so thick, that with the blood that ran down, was made a great rushing, as if it had been a River.

Among these things the Gentlewomen of Megara issued out of the Palace, and went into the streets, crying with high and clear voyces, that Hercules was come again, and that hee had slain Lyncus. With these cryes, all the City rejoyced, and both old and young, Widows, Wives and Maids, ran and took arms with great courage, and assailed all about the men of Lyncus. There was a terrible battel, and many people gathered together, men and women against their enemies. In a little space all the City was troubled. When Hercules had put to death all that he found in the Palace, excepting Lyncus, whom hee put in the guard, and keeping of Queen Juno, and of many Gentlewomen that came unto him: he sprang into the streets, and shewed his sword, and laid down on all sides, and fought so mortally with the men of Lyncus, all about where he might know them,

them, that by the help of them of Thebes, he made all the party of Lyncus fall by his Sword. Then the Thebans rejoyced greatly: and Hercules returned into the Palace, unto the place where the Ladies kept Lyncus. Then Hercules sent to break open the dor of the Chamber which Megara was in, forasmuch as they could not find the keyes, for they that kept her were dead. Megara then full of gladnesse returned to her Lord. Hercules, rose up and would have embraced her: but Lyncus that thought on nothing but evil, (by the secret perswasion of Juno) turned him from it, saying: Hercules, touch not my Concubine, for I have known her fleshly, and she is the most luxurious Lady, that ever I was acquainted with.

When Megara heard the crime, the Traitor charged her with, she fell backward into a swoun, without speaking a word. Hercules being full of anger, and thinking Lyncus said true, hee stroke off the head of Lyncus, and with the same Sword that he slew the Traitor, he put to death Megara, that was with Child. Yet the Chronicles of Spain tell, that he slew not his Wife, but put her into a Religious house, that he ordained in Thebes in the Temple of Diana, renouncing her company: and it is said, that this was the first Religion that ever was in Thebes. These things accomplished, Hercules went and took out of Prison Amphitrion and Philotes, and departed from thence sore grieved: so that then, nor a long time after he spake not: and went his way at all adventure, accompanied with Theseus and Philotes, and the Thebans lamented his departure: and hee refusing, they Crowned Layus the Son of Agenor King of Assyria, forasmuch as he married Jocasta Daughter of King Creon.

CHAP. IX.

How *Hercules* put to death *Laomedon*, and destroyed *Troy* the second time.

KNow, that Hercules, Philotes, and Theseus, departed from Thebes, and went into many Kingdomes seeking their adventures. And passing by Licia where Hercules was created King, on a day they came into Mirmidonie, unto the Palace of

King Eſon, whoſe Son Jaſon had enterpꝛized to ſail into the Iſle of Colchos, and made all things ready. When Hercules had bẽn feaſted of Jaſon, and of Duke Peleus, and knew that Jaſon would conquer the Fleece of Gold, he pꝛomiſed that hee would accompany him. And if Foꝛtune would favour him, hee would adventure to bꝛing his enterpꝛize to an end. To bee bꝛief, Jaſon and Hercules made ready a good Ship, ſetting out to Sea, and renewed not their victuals, till they came to the Poꝛt of Troy. And then they could not renew them at the Poꝛt, foꝛ the King Laomedon was then in Troy, and had foꝛtified marvellouſly the City again: knowing that there was landing at his Poꝛt a Ship full of Greeks, he ſent down a Meſſenger, that commanded them rudely, that they ſhould depart thence, and that he was enemy to the Greeks. Jaſon (as Captain of the Armie) anſwered courteouſly the Meſſenger, of the King Laomedon, and pꝛayed him, that he might have victuals foꝛ his mony. The Meſſenger anſwered him, that he ſhould have none there, unleſſe he got it with the Swoꝛd. Then Hercules could bee ſilent no longer, but ſwoꝛe to the Trojan, that if hee might return from the voyage that he had enterpꝛized, he would yet once again deſtroy Troy, and not leave one ſtone upon another. With this concluſion, Hercules and Jaſon departed from Troy, and by Foꝛtune they were bꝛought to the Poꝛt of Lemnos, where reigned a Quẽn named Hyſiphyle, who waxed amoꝛous of Jaſon, as is contained in the Hiſtoꝛy of Jaſon. In this Poꝛt of Lemnos, Hercules was advertized, that there by was a King named Phyneus, which ſuffered himſelf to be governed by an avaricious woman. Phyneus had bẽn married to another woman befoꝛe, and by her had two Sons. Theſe two were wꝛongfully baniſhed by their ſtep-mother: and ſhe was ſo covetous, that ſhe took from the King his riches, and held greater ſtate then hẽr. Hercules hearing thereof he went and ſpake to King Phyneus, and to the Quẽn, and ſhewed them their vices in ſuch manner, that the two Children were called back from exile, and the King held his eſtate royal. Then Hercules returned into Lemnos, and ſetting to Sea with Jaſon, ſailed to the Iſle of Cholcos, where Jaſon, by the help of Medea, conquered the Sheep

with

with the fleece of Gold, and carried it with him into Greece. Then Hercules commended Jason greatly among his Parents and Friends, and spake of the unkindnesse of King Laomedon, how he had sworn to destroy Troy, for the discourtesie that Laomedon had offered them. Then they altogether with Hercules, vowed Troyes Destruction: and concluded upon the day of their departure, and after made ready their ships, and other provisions. Then Hercules kept his Covenant so well, that at the day concluded, the whole Army put forth to Sea, and having a gentle Winde, they shortly arrived at the Port of Troy, with so great an Host, that Laomedon durst not interrupt their landing.

Jason was at that time, travailing to seek adventures. Hercules had with him many Noblemen, and among others, there were with him the King Thelamon, Ajax, the Duke Nestor, Castor, Pollux, Theleus, and many Kings and Dukes. At the landing of this Port (which was of strong entry) Hercules, that nothing doubted his enemies, caused to sound the Trumpets and Tabors, and made so great a noise with them, that the Walls of Troy, and of the Palace ecchoed therewith, so that Laomedon seeing (out of one of his Windows) the Host of his Enemies, was a great while, thinking whether he should go to battel against them, or no. So then it hapned, that as he was thus pensive, he looked toward the Market place, and saw there more then thirty thousand armed men: which enflamed his heart, that he went and armed him, and (all his thoughts and pensiveness set apart) came to his people, whom he desired to do their uttermost. And after, himself trusting in Fortune, issued out into the field in order of Battaile, with good conduct: although he supposed Hercules to be in the Army that was landed at the Port, he marched unto his enemies, that were joyful at his comming. And then began the Greeks and Trojans a hot skirmish, with such slaughter, that there was many slain. Hercules failed not to beat down his enemies, and casting his eyes on high, espyed the Banner Royal of Troy: he laid on the right side, and on the left, with his Club he beat down unmeasurably, that he came to the Banner, and finding there Laomedon, he laid on

UMI - 1994

him with his Club on his Helme, that he pierced his brain-pan, and he fell down dead among many Trojans; and ended his miserable life.

After this, he fought so valiantly with them that held the Banner, that he beat it down; then all the Trojans were discomfited, and cryed fly, fly. With this cry, they began to retire unto the City, thinking to save themselves. But the Greeks pursued them so close, that they slew many of them in their flight. The rest entred the City, so troubled for the death of King Laomedon, that there was little defence among them. Thelamon was the first man that entred Troy, and Hercules the second: and then Hercules found well, he was right valiant. Priamus was not in Troy at that time, but was gone into the East, at the commandement of Laomedon, after hee was returned from Thebes. Fortune having cast down King Laomedon by the strong hand of Hercules, the Greeks entred into Ilion and Pillaged it, and did Ransack all the Treasures of Troy. And they took Exiona the Daughter of the King, whom Hercules gave unto Thelamon, requesting him to take her, forasmuch as he was the first that entred the City. And when they had taken all they thought good in Troy, for a final vengeance, Hercules beat down the Towers and buildings, and fired them: that they left not one stone upon another.

CHAP. X.

How *Hercules* and *Affer* assailed by battel the Gyant *Antheon*, and how they vanquished him in battel the first time.

After this general destruction of Troy, when the Greeks departed, and Hercules had left them, the Greeks returned into Greece with great glory, and Hercules went by Sea, seeking his adventures, accompanied with Theseus and Philoctes: and arriving at the Port of Alexandria, he found in this Port a great army. When the Captain of the Army saw him weigh anchor, he knew by the Ensigns of Hercules, that it was he: for he had heard him commended above all men, he came unto him full of joy, and said to him: Lord of valour, and treasure

sure of vertue, amongst the people most mighty, & among Kings most resplendant in all glorious vertue, I salute you, and request that I may be your Servant and Friend, and thus saying, he fell on his knees before Hercules, in sign of humility, he kissed the earth. When Hercules saw the salutation and behaviour of this man, he took him by the hand (and lifted him up from the ground) saluted him, and demanded of him his name: Hee answered him, that his name was Affer, Son of Madiane, the Son of Abraham, and that in the Army, none was Captain but himself, and that the Egyptians, had ordained him Duke and Leader of this Hoste, to go into Lybia, to destroy the Countrey in revenge of the injuries that the Tyrant Busire of Lybia, had done to them, as Hercules well knew.

When Hercules had understood the name and affairs of Affer, he took him for his friend: and said to him, that hee would accompany him to conquer Lybia. Affer thanked him, and brought him into a rich Ship, where hee feasted him as much as was possible. They had not long abidden there, but they went to sea with great gladnesse, for the Egyptians were so joyful and glad to have Hercules with them, that they believed verily, that there might no mishap come to them. Hercules found in the ship of Affer, the Wife and also the Daughter of Affer, whose name was Echee: She was the most fair Gentlewoman in the world, and young and fresh. By the daily sight of her, Hercules became amorous of her, and required her to bee his Wife. Echee answered, that of her self she might not accord to his demand: but she said, if Fortune give mee so great a grace that I may be your Wife, I shall have more cause to thank the Gods, then any desert in mee. Hercules was well content with the Damosel; and by her perswasion called Affer, and required him that he would give to him his Daughter to be his Wife. Affer thanked Hercules, that he vouchsafed to demand his Daughter: he that was the most excellent of Nobles: and said to him, that hee should take her and do with her his will and pleasure. Hercules espoused Echee, by the consent of Affer, and they lay together, paying the due debt of Marriage in such wise, that Echee conceived of the seed of Hercules. After the Marriage, Hercules and Affer

sailed

sailed so long, that they arrived at the Port of Lybia, where now standeth Carthage, and there they took Land in a night which was clear, afterwards, they entred hastily into the Countrey, and besieged the City of Lybia, without resistance, or gainsaying.

In this City was then a great Gyant named Antheon, very great above other Gyants, the most strong and puissant that was in all the parts of Europe and Lybia, Cirene, Tripoly, in all the Mountains and Isles, inhabited in these Countries, unto the Isles Fortunate. This King then advertised of the coming of the Egyptians, was passing angry, and swore, that none of them should return into Egypt.

As soon then as he might he did cause his men to arme them, and issued out of the City with a great company of Lybians, and made so great haste to run upon the Egyptians, that he kept no order among his people, whereof he took great harme. For when he came to the battel, he found that Hercules had trained his people, and set them in two battels, of which he lead and conducted the first battaile. It hapned so, that they of the said company of Hercules, by force of shot, bare themselves so valiantly, with strokes, that they brought to death more then fifteen hundred Lybians. When their shot failed, Antheon sprang into the greatest presse, as the most valiant, and supposed well to have skirmished with his enemies: but when Hercules saw him come, he laid hand on his Club, and put him forth before, and gave him so great a stroke, that he made his head to bow on the left side. Antheon had his Sword lifted up to have smitten Hercules, when he received the stroke that Hercules gave him, by which his stroke was broken. Nevertheless he said between his teeth, he would revenge him. So he lifted up his Sword again, and stroke Hercules so vehemently, that with the stroke he brake his Shield. Then Hercules knew that the Gyant was a man of great strength yet notwithstanding, hee smote him the second time with his Club: thus Hercules and Antheon gave each other so great strokes, that there came between them of the two parties, both Lybians and Egyptians. There was a great noise of clinking of Swords, and sounding of the Shields and Helms

that

that were broken, and Halberds that were dismailed, Shields quartered, and Glaves broken: there was blood largely shed on both parties. Hercules and Antheon were parted by force of the presse. Antheon by great ire smote without ceasing, upon the fierce Egyptians: Hercules broke the Helmes largely with his Club, and what he pleased with the Lybians, and brought so many to death with his Club, that in little time hee passed throughout the whole power of King Antheon, many times in his way he covered the earth with dead Lybians. The first skirmish was strong and damagable to Antheon: for one Egyptian that he slew with his Sword, Hercules with his Club killd ten Lybians. About Hercules was nothing but blood, Hercules made the Mountains to rebound with cryes, the companies to tremble, the Lybians to fly back, with little gain. As long as the day endured he held the battel valiantly, and about the evening, when Affer and Theseus came to the fight, he bestirred himself in such fashion against Antheon that he made him fly, so that the *Egyptians* pursued them.

CHAP. XI.

How *Hercules* took King *Atlas*: and how he began to Study the Science of Astronomy, and the seven liberal Sciences.

NOw when Hercules saw the Lybians fly before them, he caused to sound a Retreat, forasmuch as it was late, and with great glory returned into the place that hee had chosen to hold his Siege at. His Wife Echee came to him with open arms, and kissed him: she helpt to warme him, and brought him fresh water to wash his face with, and there was made good cheer of all the Egyptians. Contrary to this good chear, the Lybians were in the City and made great sorrow, for they had lost neer thirty thousand men; especially Antheon made simple chear, for he had good cause: Hercules had so beaten him with his Club, that he might not help himself, but went with great paine to bed, and with sorrow sent for his Physitians and Chirurgions, which came and visited him, and finding him all bruised, said to him that it would be near a month ere they could heal him. An-

theon considering his case, sent and desired of the Egyptians Truce for the space of a month, offering to send them daily a certain number of cattel, and a great quantity of victuals. Then he commanded all the Kings and Princes that were his Tributaries, and sent unto his neighbours, praying them that they would come and succour him with their men of Arms, in the most hasty wise they could. This peace so made, Hercules began to remember them, that before time he had heard Phylotes speak of a King named Atlas, that hee was the most wise man and conningest of all the world, that he dwelt in a Castle standing on the top of a very high Mount, in named Atlas, after the name of the same King. In this remembrance Hercules being covetous of the science of Atlas, called Phylotes and said to him, that he would go into the Realm of King Atlas, and that his intent was to seek there his adventure. Phylotes answered, that he could bring him into the Realm, for he knew the Country. Then Hercules called Affer, and Theseus, and charged them that they should alway make good watch. And took leave of them and his Wife, saying that he would hastily return. This done, he and three Marriners with Phylotes, went unto the Sea in a Galley finely made, and sailed into the Mediterranian Sea: they had speedy Wind and Fortune was good to them. In little while they came into the Strait of Gibralter. And then Phylotes shewed unto Hercules the Mountain, and the Castle where Atlas was at that time abiding.

When Hercules saw the Mountain and the Castle he went and took land joyously: Then he took his Club, and commanded Phylotes and his Marriners to abide them there. So he went toward the Mountain and it happed he met with a man that discended down from the hill, and he addressed him toward the said man, to hear some tydings, and demanded him from whence he came? Hee said, I came from the Castle that yee may see yonder on high. Whither go ye said Hercules? unto the City of Mercely, answered the stranger: the King Atlas to whom I am servant, hath sent mee thither to publish his commandement unto the Citizens, that within six dayes they should be furnished with their Arms, for to accompany him to

go unto the warre of the great King of Lybia, which requested instantly to have his succour. Wherefore if ye will serve him in his Armie, and be his souldier, go up and yee shall find him in his Castle studying the science of Astronomie. The Servant of King Atlas with these words went on his way, and Hercules went up unto the Mountain, and came to the Gate of the Castle, where he found four Knights that demanded of him what he would have? Hercules answered, his will was to speak to the King, for certain matters that concerned him. The four Kts. (thin king nothing but good) brought Hercules within a great Hall, wherein were all the men of King Atlas, assaying them with Swords and Axes, forasmuch as they had heard say, that they should go to Wars, and they were all armed.

When these Knights had brought Hercules thither, they gave knowledge unto the King, that a strange Gyant asked after him, and would not tell them the cause why? Then Atlas went down, and found Hercules armed in a Lyons skin, and asked him what he was? then he answered, he was Hercules that hath conquered Phylotes and the Garden with the Sheep of thy Daughters: I am now come hither for to conquer thee with thy sciences. Wherefore it behoveth thee that thou do to me obeysance, and give over to help the great Antheon mine enemie. And if thou wilt not do so, Arm thee hastily, and defend thee with Arms, and that I command thee: If thou wilt not consent thereto by love, I will make the accord thereto by force. Atlas was excedingly discouraged, when he knew by the mouth of Hercules that it was he that had conquered Philotes, and had slain the Gyant his fellow, taken his sheep, and also newly had assailed by Warre Antheon, to whom hee had promised to give succour: and also considered, that he willed he should yeeld himself to him: his heart then began to swell for anger and pride, and in great rage he said to him. O thou presumptuous Hercules, how art thou so hardy as to come alone before me? thou that I may not love? know thou that I have had many a displeasure by thy outrage, for Philotes was my great friend: and now thou art come to renew this displeasure, and that I yeild me unto thee, is not my intention.

Atlas with these words went into a Chamber fast by, and commanded that every man should arme him, as they did, Hercules had alwaies his eye upon him: to the end that he should not escape him. When he was armed he came against Hercules, and challenged him. After he gave him a stroke with his Sword fiercely. With the cry and with the stroke all they of the Fortresse assailed *Hercules*. Then he put himself in defence, and laid about mightily by the rigour of his Club, and with twelve strokes he slew twelve of his enemies. After he wounded many other, and spared long the blood of Atlas. But in the end, forasmuch as Atlas, gave great strokes to Hercules, *Hercules* smote him upon the Helme, without imploying all his strength, and gave him a wound in the head, that all astonied he bare him to the earth. Then they of the Fortresse durst no more adventure to assaile Hercules, neither durst they adventure to relieve Atlas, but fled thence out of the Castle, and Hercules abode there alone with Atlas, and the dead bodies. So in the end when Hercules saw they had given it over, he took Atlas, and made him to cry him mercy. Then he went into his study, and took all his bookes, which he laded upon a Camel, and constrained Atlas to follow him. And when Hercules had done in the Castle all his pleasure, he departed accompanied with Atlas, and with his bookes, and brought him down to the Sea side, to the place where Phylotes stayed for him.

When Phylotes saw Hercules come with Atlas, and his bookes, he had great joy, and took acquaintance with Atlas, who was so sorrowful that he could not speak: then they entred into their Galley, and went unto the Sea: Atlas was sorrowful, and troubled with the wound he had in his head. Hercules requested him instantly, that he would teach him his science. Atlas would in no wise do it at the beginning of his sorrow: but when he had conversed and tarryed with Hercules, as well for the bounty he saw in him, as by the perswasion of Philotes, which affirmed that Hercules was the most noble and vertuous man that ever was, he began to teach him all his sciences: wherein he learned and profited by quick and sharpe wit, that he attained to all, and that afterward he became the best Philosopher, and the most perfect

perfect Astronomer in all the world. Thus studying, Hercules returned with great honour into the Army of After, and found at his coming, that his Wife had brought forth a fair Son, which the Egyptians had Crowned King of Egypt, where hee raigned afterward, and was called Dedon.

When After saw Atlas, and knew how Hercules had vanquished him, hee marvailed much of his prowesse which was so great, and of his wisdome that attained to such high things. But Hercules bent all his wit and study to learn the science. In the mean while a little and a little the time passed, and Antheon assembled a very great hoste, and was all healed of his wounds, and the Truce failed and expired, whereat the Egyptians had great joy: for they yet hoped to have victory of their enemies. And the Lybians hoped to revenge them of the shame that Hercules had made them receive. When the Truce was expired, the day following Hercules made ready his battails of the one side, and Antheon ordained his on the other side. Antheon made three battails, the first of twelve thousand fighting men, the second of twenty thousand, and the third battel of thirty thousand. He then ordained himself King and chief Captain of the first battail: in the second, he ordained the King of Getulie to be Governour: and in the third, he made the King of Cothulie. And then when he had well set them in array, and trained them, in a morning he made them to march joyously against his enemies, expecting nothing but the hour when Hercules would charge them.

CHAP. XII.

How *Hercules* assembled his battaile against *Antheon* King of the *Lybians*, which he put to flight, and slew the King of *Cothulie*.

HErcules had made of his folk two battails, the first whereof he conducted. After and Theleus guided the other. When he saw the Lybians march, which made the greatest tumult and noyse in the world, he went forth before, and his Company followed. Then began the Trumpets to sound, and Tabours to

make great noyse: the cry was great, they began sharpely the battaile, whereof Hercules and Antheon made the assay by a swift course, and with sharp Swords smote so sore together, that Antheon brake his Sword, and the Iron of the Sword of Hercules pierced the Shield of Antheon and his armes on his right side, by which he had a wound where the blood sprang out. Antheon was almost dead with sorrow when he felt the stroke, and saw that his Sword had done but little to Hercules: he took his Sword, and Hercules took his, and they smote each other so hard, that Hercules bare Antheon unto the earth with one stroke, and had slain him, had not the Lybians runne upon Hercules on all sides, they gave him so great an assault that he knew not to whom he might attend. Then Hercules imployed his Sword upon the Lybians. The Egyptians assembled them eagerly upon their enemies. Antheon relieved himself all ashamed of his fall: applying all his puissance and strength to revenge him, not upon Hercules, but upon them of his party. This Antheon smote eagerly on the one side, and Hercules on the other. Antheon fought with great fiercenesse and anger, and Hercules by Prowesse. The fiercenesse of Antheon was great, but the Prowesse of Hercules was so exceeding great, that the Lybians fled him, and when they saw him they trembled for fear, at this battel, before the Sword of Hercules all bloody. Then the great routs of the Lybians were sore afraid, and kept no array: he smote off heads, and laid them down to the earth: his folk that were destroyed by Antheon hee gathered together again. He made such work that the Lybians had the worse, and Antheon sent hastily to the King of Cothulie, that hee should come to his help.

The King of Cothulie at the sending of Antheon, departed, weening to have come to the skirmish: but when Asser and Theseus saw him, they went against him, and hindred him. Then began the fight so great and mortal, that Theseus and Asser slew the King of Cothulie, beat down his Banners, his recognisances, and his Cotuliens, and smote so sore upon their bodies, that they went back, and were constrained to cry for help. The King of Getulie seeing this evil adventure, came unto

to the rescue, and found the Getulians discomforted, at this coming the noise and strokes began to renew: many a valiant Act, and many a prowesse was shewed there. Many shewed their vertue and strength, and many were slain there. Theseus did marvails, but alwaies the Getulians held them together, and fought against Theseus the space of three hours, and lost but a few of their people until the time that Hercules brought the Army of King Antheon to discomfiture, and made them fly, to save themselves, the Getulians, then were discouraged in such wise, that after they had seen the Army of King Antheon discomfited, they could not lift up their Arms to defend them, but were slain by little and little: and in the end they were brought to such a straight, that they knew not how to save themselves. Then they fled out of the place, dispersed in the fields, without Captains or Leaders. And Hercules put himself forth in the presse before all, among them that fled first of the Lybians, so that hee came to the Gate of the City with them, and began to smite, so unmeasurably, that he put to death the Lybians flying thither, and the Porters, and all them that did resist him. Also he made the Egyptians to enter into the Town. And Antheon seeing fortune against him in all points, fled into his Palace, not accompanied as a King: but went at large to the fields, by the conduct of four Moores onely, that brought him into Mauritania.

CHAP. XIII.

How *Hercules* slew *Antheon*.

IN this manner Hercules and the Egyptians entred into Lybie, and subdued it by force of Armes. And Antheon fled into Mauritania, where he assembled new folk hastily. They of Lybie yelded them all to the mercy of *Hercules*, When *Hercules* had thus daunted them of *Lybie*, and their neighbours, he made *Affer* King, and named it after him Affricke, and said that hee fought not for his singular profit and covetousnesse but for liberality, and to exalt vertue. O most valiant and noble *Hercules*, there was never man born among the *Panims* more liberal, more noble, or more vertuous. He would not bee King of all

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the world, he was liberal, and imployed his conquest well and wisely, and gave all his gifts advisedly. When he had made Affer King, he enquired what laws they held, and established among them the Sacrament of marriage. For at that time the Women were there, all common, and when it hapned that the Women had Children, they gave to the men after their Phisognimies: and thus saith Aristotle in his politicks.

Besides this Sacrament, *Hercules* ordained unto the Affricans, that they should keep the Laws of Greece, and with politick government, made the Affricans live reasonably and vertuously. And above all other things, he made them have the order of marriage in great reverence. When *Hercules* had ordained all this, tydings came to him that Antheon was come again to chase him, with many Moors that followed him. Then he returned toward Antheon and the Moryans, and smote them down with his Club, so deadly, that he made it red with their blood, slew them all and put them to flight so cruelly, that Antheon abode alone against *Hercules*, and fought against him body to body by great strength, and gave him many strokes hard to bear.

But *Hercules* gave him so many and so large strokes, that the Gyant knew not how to save himself, and thought to have fled. But *Hercules* that ran as swiftly as an horse ran after him, and embraced him in his armes with all his might, and lifted him up into the air, and bare him unto the Mauritanes. And when he came nigh unto them, he cast him down dispightfully to the earth, that bruised and crushed him: Antheon abode there dead. And his death turned unto the Moors so great abashment, that they lost all their strength, and were slain by great excesse without remedy: they lost there the King Antheon, the King of Mauritane, the King of Tingie, and many other Kings, and all the honourable of the battail: for in the end they all fled, in which flight was taken and subdued the Seigniory of Affrick, and the City of Mauritane.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

How *Hercules* and *Theseus* fought against the two Damosels of *Scythie*.

IN remembrance of this victory Hercules made in the field a statue of a man sleeping, in the place where hee had put to death Antheon, and under it he buried the body of Antheon. And as the Image, which was made of the bone of an Elephant, was set up, the neck of the Image began to sound like as it had been a man sleeping, wherefore the Moors had afterward the sepulchre in great reverence and worshipped the Idol. After this statue thus accomplisht by Hercules, he went by Tingie and Ampelosie, and by many other Countries, and conquered all the Countrie, that now is called Affrick and gave all to Affer, and Hercules returned into Lybie and there he found Echee his Wife dead by a grievous sickness: wherefore hee made marvailous great sorrow. Then to forget this sorrow, hee took leave of King Affer, and the Egyptians, and thought to have departed thence, but as he was taking leave, a Damosel strangely arrayed came unto him and said, Lord of Libie, the Queen of Scythia, Ladies of Egypt, of Cappadocia, and of Asia, have sent mee unto you: which Ladies have conquered the said Countries, in taking vengeance of the misfortune of their Husbands now late dead: and have abandoned their Countrey because of the great out-rage that Verores King of Egypt made in Scythia. And forasmuch as ye be of the Linage of the Egyptians, they send to you, that ye submit unto their obedience, to do with you what shall please them: or else that you come against them in battel, to prevent the shedding of blood. And they let you know, that they have good right to subdue you, and that if there bee among you two Knights, that against two of them will do feats of arms to try their lives, they will deliver unto you two Ladies in place convenient, upon condition, that if the Ladies overcome you, you shall be holden as vanquished, and be at their commandment: and if your men overcome the Ladies, they shall be reputed as overcome, and shall be subject unto you.

Hercules hearing this message of the Ladies, answered the Messenger. Damosel, since the Ladies of Scythia be so valiant that they have conquered the great Realms of Egypt, Cappadocia, and of Asia, they may be doubted. Nevertheless, to prevent the effusion of blood, and to defend the Affricans from their bondage, you shall return to them and say, that the battel of two Knights against two Ladies, is agreed unto them, to bee done to morrow upon the condition that you have said. Then Hercules, Asser, and many other promised to hold these things and did great honour unto the Damosel.

The Damosel having done her message, returned unto the Ladies, which were entred a great way in Affrick, and told them word for word the answer of Hercules. The principal of all these Ladies, was Synope and had two sisters so expert in arms, that they feared no Knight of the world, the one was named Menalippe and the other Hyppolita, Anon, as the Ladies had received these tydings of the Affricans, they had great joy, and holding opinion, that Affrick was wonne by the strength of Hyppolita and Menalippe, who did marvailes in Arms, they ordained that they should fight with the two Knights: and so they were on the morrow ready in the fields.

At the hour that was ordained, Hercules and Theseus (sitting on two horses, with a great company of Affricans) rode into the place that the Ladies had chosen to do feats of arms in. There were the two Ladies abiding in a fair place armed and well mounted on good Steeds, and by them were other Ladies in great number. As soon as Hercules and Theseus had espyed the two Damosels, they made them that followed to stand, and sent unto the Damosels to know what they would do. The Damosels answered the two Knights, that they were ready to do deeds of Arms against them, under the condition of their quarrel. And if they were come they would come forth.

Hercules and Theseus, with this answer took their Speares, and spurred their Horses, and made signs unto the Damosels. And they furnished with Shields and Speares, ran against them so expertly, that they seemed of heaven and not of earth, and at the coying of their sharp Speares, the strokes were so great on both

both sides, that *Hippolita* and Theseus bare each other unto the earth, in likewise did Menalippe, and Hercules. The Affricans marvailed much to see the two Princes born down, and yet the Ladies of Scythia marvailed much more of the Damosels. When the Knights and the Damosels found themselves lying on the earth, shame smote them to their hearts. Nevertheless each of them got lightly up, and with great courage took their swords, and approaching smote each other fiercely, that the Ladies and Knights felt the strokes. *Hyppolita* pursued her man Theseus, and Menalippe kept her unto Hercules. The strokes of Hyppolita were great, and did great grief unto Theseus. Theseus enforced himself strongly to avenge him, and could not well come to his purpose, Hercules overcame Menalippe lightly with his Sword, and put her in his mercy, but *Hyppolita* maintained her force so mightily against Theseus, that shee had put him to foyle, had not Hercules been, that said to him: Brother, what shall this bee? Where is the Prowess of Theseus? shall that be daunted by the Chivalry of a Damosel? If it bee so, certainly all men shall have shame of your dishonour.

These words began to awake again the blood of Theseus that was afore asleep, and to lighten his courage, in such wise that he recovered a new strength, and put himself forth, and began to smite with such force, that he made the Damosel recant, and took away her Sword, and conquered her: whereat the Ladies were much grieved, and especially the Queen *Synope*, which then sent to Hercules her arms, in token that she was vanquished, praying him that he would restore again the two Damosels. And Hercules took the Arms of the Queen, and sent to her Menalippe, and made peace with her for the Affricanes upon condition, that they should give *Hyppolita* in marriage to Theseus, who was amorous of her. So then the Wedding was made in Affrick with great honour. And the Ladies hearing of the marvailous Acts of Hercules, praised him, and held themselves happie to be vanquished of him.

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CHAP. XV.

How *Hercules* began to waxe amorous of *Dejanira*, and how *Achelous* and *Hercules* had battail the one against the other, and how *Achelous* was vanquished.

After the Conquest of these Ladies, Theseus took leave of Hercules and of Aster and returned into his Country, to bring home his Lady, and went from Hercules to Calcedonia, which lyeth opposite to Achaya, and Arcadia, to sée a fair Lady of excellent beauty, that he had heard greatly recommended by a Calcedonian that was in his companie: By Sea, and by Land, he came into Calcedonia. The King of that place had to name Oeneus, and had two Daughters, the one named Dejanira, and the other George. Dejanira was the fairest, and that was she that Hercules came to sée. When Oeneus had knowledge that Hercules came into his Country, he had great joy, and received him, embracing him so honourably, as was possible. In entring into his Palace, the Quèen and his two Daughters, George and Dejanira welcomed Hercules. Incontinent as Hercules cast his eyes upon Dejanira, that was the fairest woman that ever hee saw. Hée felt himself marvailously ravished. This desire entred into Hercules all full of rayes of Love, piercing into his heart as suddenly as the rayes of the Sunne, passeth through Glasse.

Dejanira had so much beauty, and was so well accomplished, that to her might bée made no comparison, not onely in beauty, but with that in wisdome and bounty. She was the most precious treasure of Calcedonia: and thither came many Ladies, Gentlewomen and other. Her neighbours were all amorous of her, and especially King Achelous, that was strong and puissant. This King had great seigniorie, and marched through the Realm of Calcedonia. But when Hercules had bèen there a space, passing the time joyously, in beholding the behaviour of Dejanira it hapned on a day that the Messenger of King Achelous, came to Oeneus and said to him, that Achelous demanded if he would give him his Daughter, and that if hee would not give her to him

him at this time, he would molest his countrey, and make him warre. At this message, Oeneus was troubled, and answered the Messenger, that on the morrow he would give him an answer. All that day Oeneus was pensive and abode alone: and to passe his melancholly, he came to Hercules. When Hercules saw him so pensive, he adjured him earnestly that hee should tell him the cause of his pensiveness, who told it him and said, Lord Hercules since it pleaseth you to know of my grief, I will tell you the cause. There is here by a King my neighbour, named Acheious, great, and fierce, which hath many times desired to have to his wife Dejanira my daughter, I have not been willing to accord the Marriage, forasmuch as I know this King a man of evil life. And for this cause I have had many menaces of him, and also this day his Messenger is come again to mee, and he hath said, that if I give him not my Daughter at this time, he will make warre. Surely *Hercules* if ye see mee pensive it cometh to mee by this occasion, for I have not yet given him his answer; but I must give it him to morrow.

Nevertheless, I have concluded in my self, that I will not give unto him my Daughter. And now when I see verily, that by the refuse of my Daughter, it must needs be that warre will ensue, know well that I am displeased: for war is the eternal desolation of the Countrey, perdition and waste of the people and goods.

Sir (said Hercules) it is needful unto a man that he take and bear all that Fortune will. As ye say, war is not increasing of people, but diminution: yet by that extremity. It is expedient that a man rejoyce in his right. Right comforteth the courage of a man, and the courage of a man comforted, bringeth him oftentimes to glorious victorie. A brute beast disgarnished of reasonable wit, fighteth for his nest with his claws and with his teeth. What shall a man sensible and endowed with wit and reason, do with any assault (namely in his own Land and Territorie) Nature willeth and instructeth that where corporal force faileth, vigour and vertue of courage worketh, and that they fight for their Countrey. Take Courage then in your right, and tell your enemies: ye have received mee worshipfully, and in re-

ceiving these tydings, I will help you if it be need, and I suppose if Achelous assail you, he shall repent him.

With these words the King Oeneus comforted himself greatly, and the day drew over. On the morrow Oeneus called the messenger of Achelous, and said to him, he should come no more to demand his daughter, for that he was not minded to give her to his Master: and furthermore if he moved war against him for this cause, he had intention to defend himself unto the death of the last man of his people. The Messenger returned with these words and told them to Achelous, and all that he found with him. Achelous was not content with K. Oeneus, and as he that was overmuch smitten with the love of Dejanira, began to assemble his men of Arms, with an intent to make war on King Oeneus, and to take from him his Daughter. Hercules was then in Calcedonia, and oftentimes he was with Dejanira in gracious conferences. He found her so well adorned in all honest manners, that all the day he was most part with her, in the night he did nought but dream and think on her; howbeit he said nothing that concerned his amorous desires, willing first to shew them his power in Arms. It hapned on a day he opened a window that was by the Garden of Dejanira, and casting his eyes down he saw Dejanira that sate upon a green place, accompanied with many Ladies and Gentlewomen. Then he set all his mind to contemplate the excessive beauty of her. After he desired her, saying, O Dejanira thou that hast not the prerogative to know the hearts and thoughts of men, if I should say to thee the tenth part of the love and desire I have to thee: thou couldest not believe it. I have gone many a Country, and seen many a Realm and many a Treasure, I have desired many a thing. But of all, to come to my wished blisse, I was never in so great thought as I am for to get your Love. The same hour that Hercules spake by himself, Dejanira was not idle: she had Hercules in her remembrance, and in her heart, then being rich in the points of Love sown between variations of hope and despair, she was surprized in all her veynes with the heat of that fire that burneth amorous hearts. This fire was hard to quench, or to cover the right piercing sparkle. She lay down then upon the

grasse,

rowing he beheld Dejanira, and looked on her so much, that her beauty ravished him. For as soon as he was come over on the other side, he told Dejanira, she should be his Wife, and catching hold on her, he took her on his shoulders, and bare her away: whereforе Dejanira and her Damosels made great cries. Hercules seeing that the old Gyant bare away Dejanira, which he would resist to his power, bent his Bow, and shot an Arrow upon the Gyant, with so great cunning, that he smote him on the right side unto the heart, and gave him his deaths wound. The Bow of Hercules was so great and strong, that no man could bend it but himself, Nessus by the wound that Hercules gave him, began to feel the approaching of Death, and to suffer sharpe anguish, he ran a great while after unto a Valley, where he fell down, and considering that his life had no recovery, he employed the end of it, to imagine how he might do displeasure to Hercules, calling to remembrance, that he had a most terrible and mortal poyson about him, hee said to Dejanira in great malice. Fair Lady, the love of you hath caused mee to receive the death, which displeaseth mee not so much, as that Hercules shall enjoy you, who deserve a far worthier man. Hercules is no true Husband, but the unfaithfulest to his Wife, that ever was. Forasmuch as I have singular pity of you, and your beauty constraineth mee to do you pleasure, I will give you here a precious thing, it having such vertue, that if ye boyle it with one of the shirts of Hercules, with the blood that runneth out of my wound, and give the shirt to Hercules, that he wear it, he shall never after love any other woman nor Lady but you.

And with these words the Gyant took the poyson, and tempered it with his blood, and wound it in a linnen Cloth, and gave it to Dejanira. The foolish Dejanira giving credit to the words of the Gyant, took the poyson. The Gyant charged her, that no man should touch it bare, saying then it would lose its vertue after the touching: and with that, he gave up the Ghost and dyed piteously, so Dejanira escaping safely from his hands, purposed that she would keep that poyson secretly to all adventure, to help her self, if it were need. While these things passed between Dejanira and the Gyant, Hercules was much perplexed

for

for Dejanira. As soon as he had smitten him on the right side with his Arrow, he unclothed himself, and cast his Gown, his Harnesse, and Club, over the Water, by his great strength, and leaping in, swam over unto the other side; then as he put on his rayment, Dejanira (again accompanied with her Damosels) came to the River, furnished with that venemous poyson. When Hercules saw Dejanira, return, he imagined that he had slain the Gyant, and demanded where the Traitor was. Dejanira answered not at first to this his demand, but said unto him. Alas my Lord, in what peril have I been? What oppression? What despair of joy hath oppressed my heart? The tracches of mine Arms where yet is seen the print of the hands of the Gyant, shew in what displeasure I have been: The cursed glutton Gyant bare me unto the depth of a deep valley, where death appearing by the stroke of your Arrow, made him to fall down, and he would never let me go until the last sight of death. Surely I have suffered a great jeopardy, but thanks be to the Gods since I have found you again, I am sufficiently avenged of mine enemie, whom I have seen dye miserably.

CHAP. XVIII.

How *Hercules* fought against *Hydra* the Serpent of the Moor *Lerna*, and slew him.

HErcules and Dejanira having kissed each other, Hercules went unto the place where the Gyant lay dead, and for all much as he found him deprived of life, he let him lie there to the beasts and birds, and took his Arrow that lay by him. This was the Arrow that Achilles was slain withall after in the Temple of Phœbus in Troy, for the love of Polixene. Then Hercules and Dejanira came again to the River, and Hercules set over his men, and went from that place to the City of Lerna. The King of the City did great honour to Hercules, receiving him as honourably as he could. Among divers talk, Hercules demanded tydings of him. The King answered that hee knew no other, but that in a great place there above a Monster, half a man, and half a Serpent, that murdered many of his Realm. For he said,

ſaid, that all the men women and children this monſter can find, he ſlayeth with his taile that is invenomed, with his claws and teeth deſtroying and devouring all. And ſo it will come to paſſe that this Country will be deſolate, for the Labourers nor Marchants dare not go by, with leſſe company then two hundred men: and if they be leſſe, the Monſter aſſaileth them, like as he hath done many others.

Hercules was paſſing glad and joyful of theſe tydings, and ſaid to the King: Sir, I have laboured hitherto for the Common-weal of many Realms, and yet have I the will to perſevere, and do the works of vertue. Know ye then, ſince I am here arrived, I will do ſomewhat for the weal of this Country, as I have done for many other. And I have intention to morrow to do my uttermoſt endeavour to travel towards the monſter, to abide the adventure of vanquiſhing him, or to be vanquiſhed of him. This Monſter was called Hydra, foraſmuch as hee dwelled in the Waters. When Dejanira heard the enterpryze of Hercules, that he would go alone, and abandon himſelf in ſo great peril, ſhe began to weep, and make ſo great ſorrow, that no man could appeaſe her, nor make her ſtint her weeping. Hercules comforted her the beſt he could, ſo did Atlas and Philotes, and ſhewed her the glorious deeds of Hercules, to give her hope in this adventure. But all could not avail, ſhe ſo loved Hercules with all her heart and might. She required him with her eyes charged full of tears, that he would abſtain from ſo high an enterpryze, ſaying, that it was no wiſdome for a man to expoſe himſelf to ſo eminent dangers, and that God had ſent the Monſter into the Country, to correct and chaſtiſe the people. Notwithſtanding Hercules was very ardently in love with her: yet her tears that ſhe wept, nor her prayers, nor her reaſons, could cauſe Hercules to break his purpoſe, nor leave off the adventure. But early in the morning hee cloathed him, and departed from Athena, and took his way towards the Way, wherein was the Monſter.

This Way was long, and three Miles in compaſſe, as the Chronicles of Spain rehearſe, and all environed with Fountains that ſprang out of the high Mountains. In the middeſt of

this Plane was a great Lake, wherein dwelled the *Hydra* on dry land. When Hercules was come unto this place, the *Hydra* that never slept with both eyes, had alwaies the neck outstretched on high, and the ear open, espying him, suddenly came against him running with great force. Hercules abode, when he espyed the marvailous Monster, and had great pleasure to sée him: He was ten foot high, and had as long a tail: he was foul and covered with hair: He had his body armed, and in his right hand held a naked Sword, and in his left he carried a Shield. Hercules thus beholding him, suffered him to come to him. Then the Monster spake to him, and said: Poor Gyant, whither goest thou? Behold this Sword, sharpely on both sides cutting: yet was there never man that heard mée speak, but he dyed by the point of this Sword. Forasmuch as I am the wisest Creature that ever Nature made, I am accustomed to make a question to such men as I find, & then destroy them if they cannot answer thereto. I find in my Realm people dull as beasts, without understanding, and have therefore destroyed their blood, so will I do thine, if thou canst not assoyle a Sophisme that I shall make unto thée. O thou man-Serpentine, (said Hercules) thine Eloquence, thy Prudence, thy cruel Sword, foul and poluted with infinite homicides, make mée nothing abashed, nor discourageth mée: I sought thée, and am come hither to destroy thée. And I will not onely assoil one of thy Sophismes, but as many as thou canst devise: and know, that if by force of my wit, I assoyle thy Sophismes and falacious arguments, I will do to thée like as thou wouldest do to mée: and if it happen that thy science may not overcome mée, yet defend thée with arms, and that thou kéep thy life as well as thou canst.

With these words, the Monster made unto Hercules seven Sophismes one after another, all falacious and subtil: Then when Hercules had given solution to one, the Monster replyed by seven Arguments. Yet Hercules, full of Phylosophie, and expert in all Sciences, made answer so substantially to all his falacious Arguments, that he set him at a Non-plus. For this cause the Poets feign this Hydra had seven heads, as it appeareth in the first Tragedy of Seneca, and say that when *Hercules*

has

had smitten off one of the heads, seven other heads came again in the same place. In the end then, to pursue this matter, when Hercules had so disputed, the Serpent replied to Hercules, in such wise as he wist not what to say. Hercules said unto him: Serpent inhumane, wee have fought long enough with the tongue. Take thy Sword, I may no longer with-hold my hand from smiting thee, and assay if thou be as subtil in arms, as thou art in language. Pray fool, said the Serpent (which was full of Pride) Knowest not thou, that by my part Serpentine, I have infected all this Countrey? and I will this day drink thy blood, and devour thy body: wherefore make watch, and keep thee well.

Without more words Hercules enhaunsed his Sword, for to have smitten his adversary, but he could not so soon hast him, but the Serpent gave him first two strokes, one with his Sword, and the other with his tail, wherewith hee had almost smitten him down to the ground. Yet Hercules abode standing, and with his Sword lifted up, he smote the Monster upon the Helm with such strength, that he crushed the Helm, and made him a wound in the head. At this stroke the Serpent was full of fury, and with his Sword smote Hercules the second time upon the helm, that the sparkles and the fire flew out, and the Helm was broken &c.

Hercules that never before had received so great a stroke, promised him that he would revenge it, and smote him right angerly. Their strokes were great and deadly, they smote each at other long, and they were both of them of great courage. But when Fortune had enough cherished them both, shee turned against the Serpent so earnestly, that after many strokes, Hercules smote his Sword within the Helm into his head, and bare him dead unto the earth.

Hercules rejoyced greatly, when he saw the Monster put to the foyl, and went for to fetch the King of Lerna, with Dejanira, and his folk, and brought them to see the Monster. When he had shewed them the Monster, he made a great fire and burnt it. Wherefore there were given unto him great praises. He was brought to the City of Lerna, with great glory of La-

dies and of Gentlewomen, who conveyed him unto the Kings Palace singing melodiously, Dejanira then rejoyced greatly in the tryumphant victory of her noble Husband. When Hercules had tarried there a while, he departed thence, and went to Athens, where Theseus received him gloriously. Then Hercules and Atlas held School in Athens, for as much as they of Athens were quick of wit, and gave themselves all to learn Sciences. There they were a great while, introducing and informing them of Athens in Philosophie, but especially in Astronomie. Atlas profited in such wise, that the Students there said, hee sustained and bare the Heavens on his shoulders. O noble vertuous man. When *Hercules* had spent some time there, and studied so long that his Doctrine had given light unto the Athenians, hee departed from thence with great bemoaning, and brought his Wife unto the City of Lycia. And then was so greatly renowned, that from all the Realms of Greece, there came dayly to him Noblemen and other, to profit in Vertue, Nobleness, Honour, Arms, Philosophie, Astronomy, and all other Perfections.

CHAP. XIX.

How *Hercules* went into *Spaine* and fighting on the Sea, vanquished King *Gerion*, and took the City of *Megidda*.

ABout the time that Hercules flourished in vertue, and his Name was born from Realm to Realm by glorious Renown as the Chronicles of Spaine rehearse, there was a King of the City of Megidda, that standeth upon the River of Gaudian, that through his Tyrannical dealings, began to make his name have a great report, by many tyrannies, that no man could tell the third part. This Tyrant had to name Gerion, he was King of Andalosie, and Destremadure, and also of the Mountains of Galicia, and Portugal. The Poets feigne of this Tyrant, that he had three heads, forasmuch as he had two Brethren, great Gyants, which were all of one Nature, and complexion, and they were so united together, that all that the one would, the other would: they were never in discord. Gerion was

the worst of all. He caused to be made a Temple, in the City of Megidda, and ordained all they that were Noble should there have their Image and Sepulture: and that men should make the remembrances of all the men of note that he should slay, to the end, there should be a memory of them hereafter. Thus he and his Brethren tyrannized, not onely over strangers, but his neighbours, and pityed no man, insomuch that he got him an evil name: And the Affricans whom they persecuted more then any, went and complained to Hercules, by Affers command, as to the onely destroyer of Tyrants and Woulters, and requested him, to deliver them out of that Tribulation. When Hercules understood the complaint of the Affricans, and was advertised of the Tyranny that Gerion and his Brethren used: Hee designed to go into Helperie, and promised to the Affricans, that they should have shortly tydings of him. And asked them of the state of King Affer. And when they had told all that they knew, they returned with great joy into their countrey. Hercules from thencefoorth, dispoked him to go into *Hesperie*, wherefore his Wife Dejanira made great sorrow. The Renown of this voyage was spread in all the Country. In short time there came more men of Arms into Lycia, to serve *Hercules* then hee sent for, he was so good, bountiful, wise and valiant, that he gave away all his spoils, wherefore every man would follow him, for no man served him, but he rewarded and enriched him in wealth and happinesse. When his Army was ready, hee took leave of Dejanira, and departed out of the Realm of Lycia. Many a tear was shed at his departing, as well of Dejanira, as of his Schollers that learned of him. Theseus and Hispan, Atlas and Phylotes, were with him. During this voyage, hee studied oft times with Atlas, and was never Idle: without doing somewhat that ought to be remembred, He arrived in Affrick, where he found Affer, who received him worshipfully. From Affrick Hercules passed by the strait of Gibralter and went into the Gades, that now we call Galicia, and peopled the Countrey forasmuch as he found there good land, and delivered this people unto a noble man named Philistines. This *Philistines*, as Boccace rehearseth in the Genealogie of Gods, was Son of King

Agenor, Son of King Belus. Philistines then raigned in Galicia, and was after named the Priest of Hercules, for when Hercules had vanquished the Tyrants of Hesperie, he founded there a Temple, which he held after in great reverence. Alwaies as Hercules peopled and inhabited this Land, hee did cause to bee made Pillars or Columnes high and marvailous great, and set them upon the Sea: and upon every Pillar or Columne, hee made an image of hard stone in the likenesse of Hercules, clad with the skin of a Lyon. And one of the Images held a Table wherein was written with letters of Gold, Passe no further to seek land, nor go to conquer further any Realms in the West, for thou shalt find no more Land, &c.

The noble Hercules went then into the Country, where standeth now the City of Sivil, which was not then founded, and found by his science, that there should be builded a Citie of great renown: in memorie thereof, he set up in that place a pillar of hard stones, and thereupon set an Image holding in his hand written, there should be made one of the greatest Cities in the world. This land of Galicia appertained to Gerion. Then when Hercules had made this pillar, and set it whereas now standeth Sivil: he had a great desire to begin to build the City, for the Country was very good and commodious. But Atlas by the science of Astronomie, counselled him to the contrary, shewing him by certain signs, that it was by destiny that another should build the City. And therefore nigh the Pillar, he made a column of white Marble, upon which stood the Image of Hercules great and rich, that held one hand against the East wherein was written: *Here* hath been Hercules. And with the other hand he shewed the writing that the other Image held.

These things accomplished, Hercules departed from thence and left to Inhabit and keep the Country eight hundred men of his, of the Country of Scythia, that were strong and expert in Arms, and with good will they above there, because the Country was plentiful. Then went Hercules by the banks of the Sea, into the last and furthermost part of Europe, and sailed so far that he entred into the River of Guadiana, where the

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Tyrant Gerion dwelled, and abode in the City of Megidda. The same time that Hercules entred into the River, Gerion went up to the top of an high Tower, where he might see all about the Country, to espie if any person came, upon whom he might exercise his Tyranny. He had not been long there, when he beheld the River, and saw the Army of Hercules: And seeing this Army, he had great joy, for he thought in all hast he should overcome them. Without other delay, he assembled his Complices, and sounded to Arms. Within a little while all his men that were ready with arms, came unto him to know what hee would. When Gerion was armed, and ready to go to the battel he declared to his people his intention. Then entring into his Galley as hastily as he could he went from Megidda, approaching toward the Greeks. Thus rowing forth, it hapned that hee met a little Boat: And from as farre as he saw it coming, he went against it, and arrested it. In this Boat were no more then two Marriners and *Hispan*. Gerion then called Hispan, and demanded of him whether he went, and what he was. Truly sir, answered Hispan, I am a Greek, and have intention, to go to the King Gerion, that is now in his City of Megidda, to dispatch a message I am charged with. Messenger (said the King) if ye seek Gerion, ye need go no further, for I am he, whom ye speak unto. Sir (answered Hispan) since that you be he to whom my message appertaineth, I let you have knowledge in the name of the vertuous Hercules, that he is an enemie to your vices: and to correct your great and abominable trespasses, hee is come into your Dominion. Messenger (answered Gerion) how is Hercules so presumptuous as to take upon him to come and correct my vices? he knows little with whom he hath to do: go tell him, that he shall find me but it shall be to soon for his health, and that I will feast him in such wise ere he escape mee, as I have been accustomed to feast strangers. Hispan departed with these words, and returned to Hercules, and told him word for word what Gerion had said unto him: moreover he said, hee would meet with him speedily, prepared and ready to begin the battel. When Hispan had finished his message, the Galleys of King Gerion appeared and were seen from farre. Hercules and

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the Greeks had great joy and began a loud shouting, in sounding Trumpets, Fifes, and Tabours. Gerion and his folk seeing and hearing their Enemies, they likewise began to shout, and make a marvailous great noyse. The Air was filled with a great and joyful noyse. In this out-ragious noyse, the two Hosts approached each other. At their encountring was not spared Darts, round stones, nor Arrows. They of Hesperie had abundance of Darts, which they used and cast on the Greeks as if it had been rain. The cryes redoubled on the one side, and on the other: so that there were many slain and hurt. They were all men of Warre: each man bare him valiantly, and amongst all other, Hercules having his Bow in hand, slew as many enemies, as he shot Arrows. The shot dured long. When it failed, they fought hand to hand. Then began the Battel to bee eager and hard. Gerion shewed himself boysterous, and expert in arms, and put to death many Greeks: but for one that he slew, Hercules slew ten of the Hesperians.

At the encounter of the Gallys where were many hurt, Hercules took his Club and smiting one of the Gallyes, that thought to have grapled and boarded his Galley, he made it cleave in sunder, and the water came in so suddainly that the most part of them in that Galley were drowned, without engaging. After this, Hercules came to another Galley, and there did marvails: all that he hit with his Club were dead, or sore hurt. Some he brained, and of other he brake leggs and arms. It seemed to thunder with him: he did so bestir him, that each man fled from him, and there was no man that withstood him, or durst abide him: When he saw this, he put himself forth to exploite great affairs. Leaping from Galley to Galley, and made so great slaughters, that his people by his good example abounded in valour and puissance, and the Hesperians diminished: and had so much damage that all things went against them. Gerion considering, that fortune was his enemy, sounded a retreat, and left the battel.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

How *Gerion* aſſailed *Hercules* the ſecond time, before *Megidda*, how *Hercules* ſlew his brethren, vanquiſhed, and conſtrained *Gerion* to flie.

WHen Hercules ſaw his enemies buſie to withdraw, he ſounded the retreat, foraſmuch as it was near night, and alſo becauſe he had encloſed the Galleys of Gerion, that they might not return into his City without paſſing by him. When the two Armies were withdrawn Gerion in the darkeſt of the night, ſhipped and went into the City of Valeritia, whereof one of his Brethren was King, and put him there in ſafety, in purpoſe to make the greateſt Armie that he could to come upon *Hercules*. Hercules after the retreat, anchored his Galleys upon the River of Gaudiana, and paſſed there that night: on the morrow when he ſaw that Gerion and his folk were fled, and were not upon the Sea within ſight, he rowed up unto the City of Megidda, took land and aſſailed fiercely the City. The aſſault was eager and ſharp, and the Megiddans defended themſelves, but they were ſo diſfurniſhed with men of War, that they could not hold out, but opening the Town to the Greeks, yeilded to Hercules. Thus was Hercules Lord of the principal City that Gerion had, he entred into it, and the Greeks with him. The City was well provided with victuals. So that ſince they departed out of Greece, they found no where ſo good Fortune. Hercules held him there a ſpace of time, ſearching in what place he might find Gerion. During theſe things he went unto the Temple, to thank his God. In this Temple were many Sepultures, garniſhed with very fair marvailous Hiſtories. Among other, there was one paſſing rich: for the remembrance of Gerion, of fine gold, environed with thirty Kings, whoſe heads were ſmitten off. Hercules abode at this Sepulture, and demanded of the Citizens wherefore ſerved the Statues and Images ſo rich. A Citizen ſaid to him that they were the Sepultures of the Noble men of their Realm, and that King Gerion had brought up that cuſtome to make theſe Sepultures, to

have remembrance of them that were valiant in Arms. Furthermore (said that same man) as soon as in this Country a man hath put a Noble man to death, then he maketh a remembrance of that dead man upon his Sepulture. And forasmuch as King Gerion in his time hath slain thirty Kings, he caused this Sepulture to be made which you see, meaning to bee buried here in the end of his daies. When Hercules heard this, that the Citizen said, he answered, he held himself happy, he had escaped the Sword of such a Tyrant, that put so many Kings to death, and made his Prayers to his God: After this he returned to the Palace, and there came to him the Messenger of King Gerion: who by the power of his Master, commanded him to avoid the City, and the Realm, or else make good watch. Hercules answered that he was entred into the Realm, and into the City, with strength of arms, and he would not go out thereof, untill one had taken from him his Sword by force of Arms, or untill the time that he put the Country in obedience.

The Messenger returned from Megidda, with this answer to Gerion, who was with his two Brethren: they took the words of Hercules impatiently, and sware they would avenge them of him. To be short, they went to the Sea with a great Army.

They rowed and sailed with all their strength unto Megidda: the Wind and Fortune suffered them in few daies, to arrive at the Port: Hercules was advised of their coming, who suffered them to take land, and let them rest that day: they were fifty thousand men. When they landed it was late, and seeing the Greeks made no defence at their Landing, they said one to another, that they durst not come forth, and fight them. Thinking all to have wonne advantage, thereupon concluded, that on the morrow they would assail the City, very early. Upon this conclusion, Gerion and his Brethren considered of things appertaining to the assault, menacing greatly Hercules and his Greeks, who were then in Megidda, thinking likewise on their affairs: not onely in the intention to defend them from their enemies, but to issue out the day following, to assail them by Battel, as soon as the night passed. A little before the Sun rising.

sing, on the morrow, Hercules made two battalions. In the first, he put a thousand fighting men, and conducted them. In the second he put the residue of his Army, and made Theseus Captain of them. After this, when he had very well trained his people, and set them in good order, he admonished them to do their endeavour, and minded them of certain things, but could not finish his speech: For that same time Gerion, and his brethren, with their folk, made their approaches to assail the City, and made so great noyse, that all about it redounded.

When Hercules heard this uproar, he opened the Gate, to behold what new things was there. And at the issuing out hee saw his enemies hast them to the Forts and Walls, with Ladders and other Engines fit for an assault. Then hee began to laugh in himself, and bade his men follow him: and went streight-way forth to begin the skirmish.

When Gerion saw Hercules, he knew him, by his skin of the Lyon, and his Club, and shewed him to his Brethren, that marvailed of him, because he came alone upon them. Loe here is our mortal adversarie (said Gerion) he is full of Prive, and setteth little by us: Let us assail him all three, and destroy him: all the gold in the world shall not save his life. Hercules with these words, came so nigh the three Gyants, that he could well speak unto them, and said: ye evil Tyrants, lay down your weapons: It is now no time to assail the City, it behoveth you to dispose you to enter into battel. The battel is ready, begin at mee, and I at you, and let us fight together till more come. With these words he lifted up his Club and charged the stroke so sore upon one of the three Brethren, that he cast his Shield, and all astonied bare him to the earth. When Gerion and his other brother, saw their brother so born down, they smote with their Swords upon Hercules, with great fury, and so imployed their strength, that they brake off part of his Armour. With these two strokes of their Swords, Hercules received more then an hundred darts upon his body: howsoever the Swords nor Darts were not so hard tempered, that they could pierce the armour of Hercules, nor Hercules left not to work with his Club, but he lift it up on high and stroke it upon the second bro-

ther of Gerion, so lustily, that from the top to the Helm he bruised him, and smote him to the ground, like as if a great Rock had fallen on his head.

Gerion was sore afraid to see so great a stroke, and with a wonderful angry and fierce heat, hee laid upon Hercules, and gave him so great a stroke upon the Helm with his Sword that he made the fire spring out: but the Helm was so hard that the Sword could not enter. Then was Hercules environed with his Enemies, and was smitten in many a place upon his body. The Hesperians desired sore to see their Swords dyed with the blood of Hercules, but Hercules put himself in defence, joyous that he might employ his strength upon them.

And when he proved him thus upon one and other, and would suffer none to come nearer then his arm and Club could reach, and that his enemies more and more came about him, Malion that was Nephew to Vlisses issued out of Megidda, with a thousand men of the Army of Hercules. And seeing so great a company about Hercules, was assured that he fought there, hee and his people addressed them thitherwards, making so great a crie, and setting on so valiantly, that in bearing down all before them, they came and found Hercules where hee had slain more then six hundred of his enemies, and that hee feared nothing. They that bare the Scaling-Ladders and other Engines were constrained to cast them down, and go to the Battel, which was grievous and hard: and there were many Knights slain. Gerion for his part, bestirred himself terribly: His Brother that was first beaten, after he was carried out of the presse came unto the field again: and in his coming he made great ruin among the Greeks: he was strong and Puissant, and bare a very heavy Guisarme, the edge of which was three great foot long, hee did marvels with this Guisarme, and beat down so many of the Greeks, that the noyse arose greatly about him. And this noise and larum came to the ears of Hercules. Then Hercules left them that he fought with, and as soon as he saw the Gyant, that dealt with the Greeks as he would, not well contented with that Guisarme: lifted up his Club, and smote the Gyant upon the shoulder, employing his strength in such wise, that the shoulder

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brake and bare him down to the ground, not fully dead, but in worse estate: for he might not relieve himself, and must needs dye under the feet of the men of Arms very miserably.

At this time Theseus and *Hispan*, with the residue of the Greeks, came unto the battel very joyfully, and finding their enemies out of array, and without any conduct, they skirmished among them fiercely, and slew so many that all the place was covered. *Hispan* and Theseus cleft the heads of many Knights: they were expert in feats of arms. At their coming they made their enemies to retire, and wan upon them with so good Fortune, that by their means Gerion lost above thirty thousand men. In short space the battel was such about Hercules, that his enemies knew not where to save them. And Gerion being advertised of the death of his second Brother, turned his back and fled unto the Sea, blowing his horne, anon they endeavoured suddenly to put themselves to flight, and they that could save themselves, saved them without delay. Hercules, Theseus, and Hilpan with about twelve hundred Greeks followed them swiftly: entring into some of their Ships, but had not Marriners so ready, as the other, wherefore they were a little letted.

CHAP. XXI.

How *Hercules* pursued *Gerion*: and vanquishing him, put him to death, at the port of the *Corogne*.

When was finished the Battel for this day, to the great losse and dishonour of Gerion, and the honour and profit of Hercules, Malion abode in Megidda, by the appointment of Hercules, to keep the Greeks that abode there and take the spoil of their enemies. Hercules on the other side sailed after Gerion, who perceiving him was sore afraid, and fled: his flight dured three daies. Gerion had good Marriners, who kept them warily from boarding the Ship of Hercules. Sailing by the Mediterranian Sea, from Coast to Coast, now before, and now behind, but the end was such, that on the fourth day they were constrained to abide Hercules at the battel upon the Sea, or descend to land at the Corogne in Gallicia. To flie the death,

whereof they were in doubt, they left the Sea, and took the Land, at a Port imagining that they should well defend them against Hercules, for they were ten against one. As soon as they had taken Land at the Port of the Corogne, they trained them about the Port to defend the Sea, which was strong to take. And then Gerion warned his men, saying: here is the hour or the day that we must dye or overcome our enemies. Fortune hath done us the worst she can, she was wont to make all strangers tremble before our Swords. Now she maketh us to tremble before a little number of people. Alas what shame is this. Since we are at this point, there is no way but to avenge this shame. If we avenge us at this time, we shall recover our honour. Fortune hath brought us into a very good Port, as if she will raise us again, and make us Conquerours of our adversaries: let us now defend the Port. Avenge our blood, avenge our sorrow, and avenge our damage.

In the mean while that Gerion encouraged thus his folk, Hercules and his company rowed so nigh the Port, that they were come to strokes. The Hesperians cast upon Hercules round stones, darts with sharp Irons on the end, spears and swords. Against this the Greeks took their shields and covered them, and put them in devoir, to win the Port. But the casting of the Hesperians was so mortal, that it constrained their enemies to abide, and not approach the Port. They had at this Port great aboundance of stones. The Hesperians kept well the entry more then three hours, so that the Greeks could find no way nor means to remedy it. At the end of three hours: Hercules very sorrowful to see his men troubled, thought he would enter into a little Boat, and so adventure himself alone to win the Port.

Then he that doubted no stroke of any mortal man, entred into a little boat, stearing it himself, with help of the winds which were for his advantage, hoysed up the sail, and adventuring as fast as he could, he brought the Boat unto the Port, but he received more then an hundred strokes with stones: that his Sail that stood up on end by force of the Wind, was smitten full of holes, the oars broken, and the Mast overthrown, and the boat almost filled with stones.

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Notwithstanding Hercules ceased not at all from his enterprize, but through he passed by all the strokes of his enemies, labouring so that he took land, and thrust himself among the Hesperians: and there he began to smite with his Club, on the right side, and on the left, end-long, and over-thwart, with such an aboundance of valour, and prowesse, that all the place was sored with their blood and brains. Theseus and Hispan, and fifty of the Greeks best Armed, by the example of Hercules, took also a light boat, and adventured themselves to win the Port: Hercules was even at the mouth of the Port, he saw Theseus come, and to make him passage, he ran here and there, and did so much hurt to the Hesperians, that without great danger they took land, and sprang out of their boat. Then was the assault hot and furious. Gerion came to the Landing of Theseus, and at least three hundred of his men that followed him. All they smote, and laid upon the Greeks, and of the fifty they slew ten. When Theseus and Hispan saw that, their hearts began to swell. They encouraged themselves, and pierced the assemblie of Gerion: and against one man that was slain of theirs, they slew fifty Hesperians, and there they used their prowesses, so that they did wonders by their Arms.

Gerion even dyed for sorrow that he might not come to have his will on the Greeks: He and his men were eager as Tygers that had been famished. The Greeks were mighty, and strong as Elephants; their strokes were great, they doubted neither Dart nor Sword, put all in adventure. The battel was furious, and the Greeks received many a wound: alwaies Hispan and Theseus by their marvailous prowesses saved them from death, and made passage through a great presse where Hercules was.

Hercules that left not to smite, was very glad when he saw Theseus and Hispan, and their forty Companions. Their coming cost Gerion the death of a thousand men and more: for Hercules to encourage his men, added to his deeds strength upon strength, prowesse upon prowesse, confounding his enemies so dreadfully drawing them toward the Sea, that they that saw him, wished they had been in their mothers wombs: and in flying

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ing they were in such hast, that they beat each other into the Sea, and slew themselves.

Then was Gerion smitten to the heart with great ire, mingled with impatience: so hee put himself into the preese, and smote not onely upon Hercules, but also upon the companions of Theseus: he smote the first man upon the Helm, that hee cleft his head unto the teeth. After he assailed another, and bare him to the earth, so astonied that he wist not where he was. Consequently, he made there a great Massacre suddenly on the Greeks, that he dyed his Sword with their blood, and the Greeks were constrained to make a great cry, for succour.

At this season the Greeks that were left with their Galleys entred into the Port, and took Land easily. When Hercules heard the cry that his men made, he ran thither to the assault, and made about them a new noyse, great and pitious. Gerion knew that the noyse came because of Hercules, for he saw him come and smite in the thickest of the Preese, then he called to his folk, and cheared them, but had there so great mishap, that for one stroke Hercules gave him with his Club by chance, he was constrained to depart the preese, and to withdraw him apart with them that were weary, to take his breath. Gerion afterward fought to his extremity and casting his eyes upon the skirmish, he saw the Greeks upon the Port, and providing them unto battel. Then he saw how they put many of his men to the worst, and that he might not resist it: all his losses came before his eyes, and he began to sigh, and said with a doloreous heart: Alas, what is the mutability of Fortune? Flattering fortune, what hast thou thought? All the honour thou hast given mée heretofore, redounds now to my shame, since thou hast sent mée so many goods, wherefore hast thou sent to mée Hercules? This is the enemy of all my glory. He from a shining fame hath brought mée now unto a name full of darkneese. If thou hast given him sufficient: Let him not come after mée with his horrible déeds. All my veins be replenished with Furies, my heart murmureth it self boyling with ire. O what great mishap is this: since it must néeds be I shall be unfortunate, I will verily dye of the Club whereof I have séen my brother dye: or

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I will take vengeance. Gerion all out of his wit, with these words put him in the Preese, crying Gerion, Gerion, to encourage his men. Thus crying, and seeking Hercules, hee put to death many Greeks: he was all furious, so as his Sword was dyed with the blood of his enemies. In the end he came to Hercules, and with his sword so dyed, he smote him sore. Hercules was weary, for without ceasing, he abode fighting by the space of four hours, and had received upon his arms so many strokes, that no man could number them. Notwithstanding, he fled not at all from Gerion: but came to him joyfully and fought against him with so great force, that all they that saw it marvelled; and after many strokes, Hercules smote him one so great, that he bruised Gerion, and beat the brains out of his head, and smote the Helm off his shoulders, so that hee fell among the dead men.

CHAP. XXII.

How *Hercules* founded the City of *Corogne* upon the Tomb of *Gerion*.

Thus was the end of the unhappy life of Gerion the Tyrant: he dyed as the two brethren did by the Club of Hercules. When the Hesperians saw him brought to that passe, as to taste the bitter morsel of death, all left their arms, bewailing sorrowfully the death of Gerion, and fell into despair: So that some stayed still to be slain, others fled by Desarts, Mountains, and the bancks of the Sea. When Hercules espyed them so dismayed, he thanked his God, and pursued his enemies. The pursute dured unto the evening. The Greeks filled the Fields, the Mountains, and the waies by the Sea, with blood. When the night was come, Hercules and the Greeks withdrew them into the Galleys to refresh themselves. The hurt men were remembred and comforted with the victory and spoyle. The weary men forgot the labour and toyle, that they had done. They rested them after their travel, and passed the night over. When it was day, Hercules issued out of his Galley: and beholding the Port, it seemed to him that a City would stand well there,

and then said, that forthwith he would make one there, and concluded to begin it. Hee sent to all places, where he knew any people were there abouts, and gave to each man knowledge that he was minded to make a City there, and the first person that would come to put hand thereto, should have the government thereof; this thing was known in Galicia. Many came thither, but a woman named Corogne was the first that came. And therefore Hercules gave unto her the ruling thereof, and named it Corogne, in remembrance of the victory that he had there. Upon the body of Gerion he founded a Tower, and by his Art composed a Lamp burning continually day and night, without putting of any thing thereto. Which burned afterward the space of three hundred year. Moreover upon the pinnacle or top of the Tower, he made an Image of Copper looking into the Sea, and gave him in his hand a Loking-Glasse, having such vertue, that if it hapened that any men of Warre on the Sea came to harm the City suddenly, their Army and their coming should appear in this said Loking-Glasse, and that dured unto the time of Nabuchadonozar, who being advertised of the property of the Glasse, filled his Galleys with white things and green boughs and leaves, that in the Loking-Glasse they appeared no other but a wood: whereby the Corognians not knowing of any other thing then their Glasse shewed to them, did not furnish them with men of Armes, as they had been accustomed when their enemies came. And thus Nebuchadonozar took the City in a morning, destroying the Loking-Glasse and the Lamp. When the Tower was made, Hercules caused to come thither all the Maids of the Country, and willed them to make a solemn feast in remembrance of the death of Gerion. Then he departed unto Megidda, where were presented unto him one hundred Oxen of the fairest.

CHAP. XXIII.

How *Hercules* assailing King *Cacus*, overcame him, and how *Cacus* began to tyranize in *Italy*.

After this conquest, as Hercules intended to people this new Country, tydings came to him, that in the City of Cartha-

Carthagenia, a King and Gyant Raigned, named Cacus, who was passing evil and full of Tyranny, and hath slain by his cursed dealing the Kings of Aragon and of Navar, their wives and Children, and possessed their Seigniories, and also held in subjection all the Country of Italy. Hercules receives joyously these tydings, and said, by the pleasure of God, he would assay to take vengeance of the death of the Kings of Arragon and Navarre. Then he disposed him unto this work, and having an appetite to correct the King Cacus, as soon as his Army might be ready, he went unto the Realm of Castile, where was King Cacus in the City of Carthagenia, that stood beside a Mountain named Monachaio. And he passing by many Realms that did him obeysance, for his vertuous renown: he came to Carthagenia, the King Cacus came against him in Arms: for he had been advertised of his coming. And as he entred into the frontiers, Cacus sent unto him one of his Knights, that said to him these words: Hercules, thou open Tyrant, thou hast thine heart greater then thy body, and wouldest assail the Heavens, to conquer them, if God had given thee wings to flie: If thou dost seek peace and love, unto King Cacus, thy equal in condition and Fortune, I salute thee in his name: and if thou dost come as his enemy, I defie thee in his name: And in no wise be thou so hardy as to enter into this Country. If thou enter, know thou that thou shalt find in Cacus, and in the Castilians so hard an encounter, that from thy evil adventure shall no man of thy company be quit. Knight (answered *Hercules*) whatsoever you be, you shew not that you have the heart of a Noble man. For it is a shame to all men, and especially to a Noble man, to mis-call or speak evil of another man. You have called me an open Tyrant, and also you have compared me to the Tyrant Cacus. I answer you to this Article, that I am no Tyrant, but a destroyer of Tyrants: therefore return again unto Cacus and certifie him, that I have intention to shew what hate I have to Tyrants: and within few daies he shall receive a hard encounter, notwithstanding his havadoes. With this answer the Castilian departed from Hercules, and returned unto King Cacus, and told him word for word what Hercules had said. When Cacus had heard this, he

was abashed, notwithstanding he was a strong and puissant Gyant, and had never found a man stronger then himself: for the renown of Hercules was then so great through the Universal world, that the most strong, most assured in Arms, and the most fortunate doubted him and trembled hearing speak of his deeds. Howbeit Cacus took courage in himself, and without sign of being abashed, in the presence of his Nobles, said: Blessed be the next daies, that Nature and Fortune shall bring to us, to make proof and force of our strength. Now it behoveth that Castile and Sicil shew the force of their arms, to defend King Cacus from the Claws of his enemies: and it is of necessity likewise, that King Cacus, for his people put forth the uttermost of his strength. Now go we on my brethren and friends, we are come to the Warre: The Grecks come upon Castile without any quarrel, let us go against them, and fight for our Country: the Birds fight one against another for their Nests, and the dumb Beasts for their Caves. Nature leadeth them to do so. If we have the same Nature, the time is come that wee ought to shew it.

When the Castilians and the Arragonnies that were there, heard Cacus speak, they praised greatly his courage, and answered all with one voyce, they were ready to assail their enemies. With this answer the King did dislodge his hoast that hee had there in the Fields: and went forth against Hercules, the streightest way he could. King Cacus desired to find Hercules, Hercules on the other side wished to see Cacus. They went long the one against the other, that soon after they saw each other, nigh to a place, where Hercules after founded a City, which was named Terr cone. As soon as they saw each other, they began to make great joy, with shouts and cries. Then they trained them in order of battel, and marched the one against the other so sharply, that they filled the air in short space with shot of Arrows, casting of stones, and Darts. At the beginning of this battel, the Castilians bare them valiantly, and there were many of their part slain, more by hardinesse then for fear. For they put themselves too far forth. And they feared not the shot of the Grecks, though they were thick, that all the ground was red with

with their blood. And the Castilians which were so far gone, and sore chased, were driven back again to their fellows. When King Cacus saw his folk so sore bestead, and heard that they recoyled from the shot of the Greeks: he had very great sorrow in his heart, and knew not what to do to withstand the force of the battel: Some fled, others went back, and others fell down, dead or sore hurt. The battel dured long to the sorrow of King Cacus. But in the end the shot of the Greeks failed, and the Castilians with Cacus recovered new strength, that they came to close fight, hand to hand, with their Swords they shed largely the blood of them of Tyre, and of Ancone, which were in the first front of the battels of Hercules.

The noyse arose great: there were many shields broken, and skins of Lyons cut in pieces. As Cacus approched, it seemed as a Tempest: He was strong, fierce, and out-ragious, in smiting, each of his strokes was the death of a Greek. He did so much, that the crys of them that were about him mounted up into the air, that the Castilians had well nigh wonne all, and began to rejoyce for their good Fortune, and chasing the Greeks to death, but like as a clear day is oftentimes troubled by a dark Cloud: so by the alone coming of Hercules to skirmish, all their joy was troubled, and turned into mortal losses. For the deadly arm of *Hercules* laid about him so terribly, that he beat down the Castilians, like as a Mower with his Sithe cutteth down the grasse in a green Medow. When Cacus saw *Hercules* so founder his men, his blood was on fire, and hee was so exceedingly enraged, that in a great fury he presented himself before the front of Hercules, and smote him with his Sword so furiously, that he cleft his Shield in two parts. The Castilians seeing the Shield of Hercules flie in peeces, thought that Cacus had put him to death, then they made a shout for joy, but it dured not long: for Hercules lift up his Club and smote Cacus upon the top of the Helm, with such strength, that it seemed to Cacus he had been smitten down with the greatest Rock in Spain. Yet notwithstanding Cacus abode standing in his place, challenging Hercules to the death, and smote him with all his might. At this assailing, the Castilians hoping in the Fortune

MI - 1994

of Cacus, they all assailed Hercules.

Hercules was gone so farre among his Enemies, that he was separated from his company. When he heard Cacus threaten him to death, and saw that the Castilians assailed him, and came to him from all sides, his heart was filled with fury, and abandoning the thicknesse and hardnesse of his skin of the Lyon, to the Swords of them all without revenging him, save onely against Cacus he smote him without measure. Cacus fought with the spirit of a Tyrant chafed, Hercules fought with a heart nourished in Vertue. Both of them were fierce, strong, and of great courage. But when they had both enough each of other, at length the strokes of Hercules were so great and forceable, that the shoulders of Cacus, nor his head could sustain them. So in the end, after their battel had dured two hours, Cacus could no more suffer him, but fled.

When Hercules saw that Cacus fled, he meant not to follow. But for the victorie, began to hew on the Castilians, Arragonnoys and such others as he found: for he left no man alive before him, young nor old, feeble nor strong. Hilpan and the other of his side, made their feats of Arms to flourish. The Battel was sharp: for the Greeks doubled and redoubled their strokes and slew many of their enemies. In the end, when Cacus had taken his breath, he put again into the middle at one side, where his folk fled, and made them tarry, smiting and beating the Greeks more terribly then he had done before, whereof the crys arose so high, that Hercules fighting on another side, heard, and ran thither at all adventure. And as he espyed Cacus, he went before him, and broke the presse, and smote down so sore, that Cacus knew him, but durst not abide him, but fled away again. Then the Greeks made a shout, and a joyful noyse, so that all the Castilians fled some here, some there, to the great hurt and losse of Cacus: For of all his people there was left no more but fifty which saved themselves upon the Mount of Monchayo, which stood there by. But with great effusion of blood of them of Castilia, that thought to have mounted up with the other, so that it seemed there had been a spring of Blood, the Caves in the Valley were filled with blood: howbeit Cacus saved himself and

fifty

fifty of his men upon the Mountaines, as the Chronicles of Spain rehearse. When he was above, and in sure peace, he returned, and loking down to the foot of the hill, saw so many Castilians, that were without number dead, or in danger to dye: he had great sorrow then at his heart, not for pity, but despite, and for the dangers that he saw he must passe. Anon after hee saw in the Champaigne, each quarter and place there, all covered with them of his party, and of their blood. Also hee saw them that fled taken, and brought to the hands of the other. These things considered, the desolation of his Dominion, and punishment of his tyranny was to him evident: he thought then that *Hercules* would soon conquer all the Country: for they obeyed him through fear and not for natural love.

Notwithstanding, he despaired not, albeit that he saw the puissance of his men destroyed by the Club of Hercules, and knew that he might no more raign in that Countrey, because they were all slain, then he returned unto his Science, and as sorrowful as he was, he entred into a house he had there, but first appointed twelve of his men to keep the passage of this Mount, which was so straight and narrow, that there could go up but one man at once.

When Hercules and his men had put to death all their Enemies, Hercules began to assail the Rock, and goe upon the degrées or stairs: but then suddainly they that kept the Passage, cast upon him great stones, in so great aboundance, that of force he was constrained to descend. When Hercules saw that he must withdraw him, he obeyed Fortune, notwithstanding he made a vow, that he would never depart from the foot of the Rock, till he had constrained Cacus to descend, by famine or otherwise: This vow made, Hercules came unto the foot of the hill, where the battel had been, and made the place clean, and purged it of the dead bodies, and of the blood of them that lay dead. After that he made his Tent of boughs and leaves, and his Bed of fresh grasse, and commanded that every man should lodge there. When the day was ended, and night approched, the Greeks were weary, for they had all day laboured in arms, and would fain have rest, and made good chear, with that they had. And after

ter they had ordained and set their Watch, as well to kéep the Coast, as to kéep the Rock that Cacus should not come down, they laid them down upon the grasse, in such wise as they were accustomed when they were in War, and so slept that night.

On the morrow, Hercules parted the Hoast in twain, and sent Hispan with one of them into Arragon, and Navarre, and he remained with the other. Hispan in the name of Hercules, was joyfully received of the Navarroys, and of the Arragonnoyes. And they all made to him obeysance, acknowledging Hercules to be their Lord, and the most vertuous Prince that was in the West. When Hispan had subdued them, he returned unto Hercules. Hercules lay yet still before Monchayo, and there held Cacus in subjection, that he could not issue out. Cacus and his folk were then in great want of Victual, and they wist not what to eat or drink. They deferred as long as they might, hoping that Hercules would be weary of being long there. But in the end, when their Victuals failed, they saw that they must néeds adventure themselves to come down. Cacus by his Science made certain secret things to go down into their stomacks, and after put thereto fire, and taught all the other to do so, then suddenly as they felt the fire issue out of their mouths, the fume and smoke in such abundance, they seemed all on a light fire, then by the counsel of Cacus, they adventured themselves to descend down in running, and casting fire and fume so impetuously, that Hercules and ỳ Greeks thought it had bén a Tempest of Lightning from the Heavens, and had burnt the Mountains: for it was a thing to make men sore abashed: and thus they escaped the danger of Hercules at that time. For during all that day the rock was full of smoke and fume that Cacus had made, and the smoke was so material, that it seemed darknesse.

Cacus and his folk thus passed the Host of Hercules and the Greeks: Then Hercules who was the wisest Clark in the World: so employed himself in study, he took his Books and began to search how and by what reason the fire descended from the Rock: he read much, but all things well considered, hee found not that this fume came of natural things: whereof he had great marvail. Then he sent for Atlas, that alwaies was lodged

ed behind the Host, to be solitary. When Atlas was come, he shewed him the smoak and fume that dured yet: then he told of the Lightning that had passed by the Host, and demanded of him his opinion. Atlas knew incontinent the fume, and answered to Hercules. Certes my Son, thou art more sharp in Science then I, for mine age may not attain to so high things as thy youth. Howbeit, for as much as I know, the growing of this thing long time past: I will tell thée, (what I say thou shalt find true as I suppose.) Therefore know, that this fume is a thing artificial, and made by the Craft of Vulcan, the Father of Cacus, who was an excellent Master in this Science, and was the inventer thereof: he made certain Mountains in Cicily to burn, and shall burn continually to the end of the World. Cacus which knew the Art of his Father, hath made this fume to escape thy hands, he is descended with his company, in the form of Lightning or Tempest, and thus thy strength is deceived by his Science. When Hercules understood this, that Atlas had said to him, he greatly marvailed at the Science of Cacus, and could not believe it. Then to know the truth, he took his Club, and went up through the smoak, unto the top of the Rock seeking Cacus: but he found there neither man nor beast, then he returned unto Atlas, and laughing, confessed to him that he had said truth, and said he would make no pursute after him, forasmuch as he was so gentleman-like escaped. This day they passed over in speaking and communing of Cacus and his father Vulcan. The day following, when the smoak and fume was vanished away, Hercules began to behold the Country, and saw it was commodious and fertile, and to the end that there should ever be remembrance of him, he founded there a City which he named Terracone, forasmuch as hee gave this Country to the Son of the King of Ancone, and there hee made him dwell with his people, and with them of Tyre. Hercules after this foundation, went to the City of Salamanque, and forasmuch as it was well inhabited, he would make there a solemn study, and did make in the earth a great round hole in manner of a Study, and he set therein the seven liberal Sciences, with many other Books.

UMI - 1994

Then he made them of the Country to come thither to study, but they were so rude and dull, that their wits could not comprize any cunning of Science. Then forasmuch as Hercules would depart on his voyage and would that this study were maintained, he made an Image of gold unto his likenesse. Which hee did set up on high in the middest of his study upon a Pillar: and made so by his art, that all they that came before this Image to have declaration of any science, to all purposes, and all Sciences, the Image answered, instructed, and taught the Scholers with Students, as it had been Hercules in his proper person. The renown of this study was great in all the Country. And this Study dured after the time that St. James converted Spain unto the Christian Faith: from Salamanque Hercules departed and went into Catalogne, and founded there the City of Barseloigne, which is a good City. And finally, when he had accomplished all these things, he sent Atlas home again into his Country, but he held by him all his Writings, for he loved Books above all the riches of the world. After hee would give leave unto Phyloces to return unto his Country, but Phyloces refused his Congie, and said to him, that he would serve him all his life, and reputed his felicity more great to be in his service, then to govern the Country that Fortune had put into his hand. Hercules after this called Hispan, and said to him: Hispan, I know thy wit and thy valour, I have found thee alwaies wise and true. Thou art a man of authority, and very well known in these Coasts, I do now make and constitute thee to be King over all this Country: and I do give unto thee charge to love vertue, and maintain thy honour. When Hispan heard the gift that Hercules bestowed on him, he fell down at his feet & thanked him, and excused him of that honour. But Hercules said to him, he would have it so, and deliberedto him a certain number of his people to serve him. Afterwards he caused him to depart with great sighs and sorrows. And Hispan went then by all the Countries that Hercules had conquered from Gerion and Cacus. And from thence forth the Country was named Spain, after the Name: Wherefore I will now cease speaking of his Conquest of Spaine, and will rehearse the deeds of Arms that Hercules did in Lombardy, and of the death of Cacus.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

How Hercules fought againſt the eleven Gyants of *Cremona* and vanquiſhed them.

NOw where are the Kings, Emperours, Soudans, and Princes, that I may ſpeak of the vertuous liberality of them, equal or like unto thoſe of Hercules? The men at this day fight one againſt another, and make many conqueſts: but they attribute them unto their ſingular profit. They reſemble not Hercules, he never fought but for the common weale of the World. To purſue my diſcourſe; When he made Hiſpan King of all the Region of Hiperie, that now is named Spaine, he ſent for his Oxen, his Kine, and his Calves, and after departed from Barſeloigne, and took his way into Lombardy, he went on his journey till he came nigh the City of Cremona, which is but a dayes journey from Millan. There were in this City eleven Gyants, great of meaſure. Theſe elevan Gyants were all brethren, and ſons of Neleo the ſonne of Saturne. They called themſelves all Kings of this City. They held all eſtate Royall, howbeit their Revenues were but ſmall, but they were théeves, and robbed their neighbours, and made them alwaies warre. When they knew that Hercules approached their City, they aſſembled their Councel, and demanded one of another, if they ſhould ſuffer Hercules to enter into their City? All were of one opinion, that they ſhould not receive him, and they would ſend unto him one of them, which was named Neſtor, that he ſhould not enter into Cremona, unleſſe he firſt had vanquiſhed in battel, the eleven Brethren. Neſtor at the commandement of the Gyants, departed from Cremona, and went to Hercules, whom he found with his little Army, lying but three miles diſtant from Cremona.

Then ſpake he to Hercules, and ſaid to him. Sir, I have ten Brethren Kings of Cremona, that have ſent me unto thee, forasmuch as thou entreſt into their Dominion, and they certifie thee by me, that they will give unto thee no paſſage into Cremona, unleſſe thou firſt overcome them, one after another in

battel: therefore chuse whether thou wilt have the battel, or else return again, and leave off this voyage. I advertize thee, that they are all Gyants, more great and more puissant then I am. Sir Knight, (answered Hercules) I have taken my way to passe by Cremona, let the Gyants know that Hercules hath an intention to speak unto them, as he that dreadeth not, nor feareth their accustomed Tyrannies, which I must deliver the world of, by feats of Arms. And to the end that they presume not that I have any doubt or dread of them in any manner, yee shall say unto them, that I will not fight with them ten, one after another, but all at once together, and you with them, if you will accompany them: to do so, they shall finde mee ready to morrow early, by day light.

Hercules with these words, made his people to abide, and rest there for that night. And Nestor returned to his Brethren, and said: My Brethren, I have spoken to Hercules, and told him your commandement: He hath answered unto mee with a high and plain courage, that he will fight with us to morrow; not one after another, but with us all at once. And to speak plainly of him, he hath the semblance of a valiant man, and furnished with Prowesse: he is a Prince very modest, and of great courage. It behoveth you to furnish well the battel. Certainly it will be perillous, for he is mightily membred, and as bigg as one of us, but methinketh he may not compare, nor prevail against us eleven, and that he may not escape our Forces, but wee shall pierce him with our Swords, whatsoever force or strength is in him.

The Gyants hearing him so praise Hercules, had great marvail of him, and would not beleeve Nestor, of that he had reported, that he would fight with them all together at once: For there were none of them all but hee thought himself strong enough for Hercules. Then they asked again if Nesto. were sure to have well understood what Hercules said unto him, that he would fight against them all at once? Nestor answered yea, and that he had heard him say it in his proper person. With this answer they concluded, that on the morrow they should Arm them all, and that they would go to the Field, to fight against

battel

gainst Hercules, if he came against them. One of the Gyants said unto his Brethren: To morrow shall be the day of our glory. We shall vanquish the Vanquisher of Monsters: Let us make good chear. Brother (answered Nestor) therein is no doubt, but that we shall overcome him that yee speak of, but so much shall our glory bee the lesse, being eleven against one. Well, said another, if in fighting against us eleven wee shall have the lesse honour, let us every man fight for himself. Brother (answered Nestor) if ye had seen and heard him as I have, ye would not be so hardy as you seem: he is another manner of man then you think of. Keep you at the offer that he hath made, it is better to have the most profit and lesse honour in such a case. In these conferences they passed all that day, afterward they went to rest. When the hour was come, on the morrow early they arose and made themselves ready the best they could. After they sent one of their men unto Hercules, to know what he would say: but as soon as the Messenger issued out of the Gate, the first thing he saw was a Gyant armed marvailously: the Messenger abode then, and adviſed him a little. After hee had adviſed himself, he went unto the Gyant armed, and asked him what he was? I am Hercules said the Gyant. What will you say, or have, said the Messenger? I say said Hercules, that the Gyants of Cremona have no cause to let mee the passage of their City. Forasmuch as they gave mee to understand yesterday, if I would have passage, it behoveth mee to vanquish them one after another in the field by battel: I am come hither in hope to win the victorie, and demand no other thing but to see them in arms, to fight with them all together at once, to have the sooner done. Wherefore go to them, signifie my coming, and hast them.

The Messenger with these words returned unto the Gyants, and told them all what he had found. When the Gyants knew that Hercules was already come into the field, they all took their Swords and their furniture of War, and departed from the City, addressing themselves against Hercules. Hercules was then alone in the place. The men and women of Cremona went upon the Walls and Towers to see the battel. Philotes

with other Noble men of the Greeks, were upon an Hill, farre enough from the place where Hercules was abiding the Gyants. They were all well furnished with Helmets enriched with gold and stones. They were great and strong, all of one measure, they were bearded, and had fierce countenances: they marched stoutly, with a great courage.

When they came nigh to Hercules, within half a Bow-shot, they all menaced him to the death, and made a cry so great, that the walls of their City redounded. Then they ran against the assured Prince, like as they had been Lyons: Hercules hearing these cryes, seeing their course on foot, stayed for them, lifting up his Club over his head.

When it came to meeting, it seemed the Gyants would have bruised him with their Swords, for they smote upon him so unmeasurably, that the peeces of their Swords flew into the Air. Hercules suffered them, and beheld what power they had: when they made their assaies upon him, Hercules made his assay upon them, and with his Club smote one of the Gyants upon the Helm, that he all bruised not onely his Helm, but his head, that he fell down suddenly dead. When the other ten Gyants saw their brother dead of one stroke, they had great sorrow, and their blood moved. Nature willed them to take sharpe vengeance. They did what they could, and assailed Hercules eagerly on all sides.

Hercules feared not any stroke of Sword, Spear, or Polearx: his skin of the Lyon was hard and strong: his strength was stable, and his Club defended all, so it need, great was the strokes that they gave each other. The Gyants did their best endeavours, and gave strokes enough to Hercules, but they could never pierce the skin of the Lyon, it was so hard: yet his Club was harder. The Gyants marvailed at the constance and puissance of Hercules. As soon as Hercules lift up his Club to strike them, they leaped aside, and otherwhiles brake his strokes: howbeit in lesse time then an hour, he slew four of them, and the other seven fought afterwards, by such vigor that the more he smote them with his Club, the more furious he found them and fierce.

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The battel was terrible and hard, for the Gyants was strong, and long had used the skill of Arms, great pain had they to save themselves, and small hope to revenge the blows of their Brethren, and gain the honour of the battel. They said that they were unfortunate, seeing they might not overcome one man alone, nor equal him. In fighting they helped and comforted each other, and had all good courage. But what did their number of Brethren profit them? What availed them their courageous strokes, when they were approaching their death? Hercules was alwaies Hercules; he rejoyced much in the number of his enemies, he comforted himself in Fortune. Fortune helped him, he did marvails on all sides, well could he fight, and well defended he himself, all that he did was well done: all that the others did, was nought worth, notwithstanding they were mighty. But the luck of *Hercules* was not to be broken, nor his Club to be foyled: but he Tryumphed, and his valour encreased to sustain the furies of his adversaries, who with all their might charged him with their strokes. O marvailous strength and might of a man. His puissance was not of a man, but of an Elephant: his skin of the Lyon seemed that it had been tempered with quick and hard steel: his body seemed more constant against the cutting Swords of all his enemies, then is an Andel against the strokes of many hammers or great sledges: there was no stroke of his enemy that grieved him: he tok great pleasure in the battel: seeing himself among so many Gyants. He still greatly rejoyced, and there was nothing grieving him, but the declining of the day, which began to fail.

At this hour, when the Sun withheld her raies, and turned into the West, Hercules would make an end of his battel. The Gyants began to cease to smite, for from the morning to the evening, they fought without ceasing: and Hercules behaved himself smiting upon one and other, laying about him furiously, that of some he brake Helmets and Heads, of others he brake arms, and sides marvailously, and gave many great strokes, that he beat down all except Nestor, who fled away, when he saw the discomfiture. Therein he did wisely, for all his brethren were slain by the hand of Hercules.

When

When they of Cremona saw their Lords dead, they soon enough made an end of their mourning and sorrow, for they had been to them hard and troublesome. At the end of this battel, they assembled to Councel, when they saw Hercules had won the victorie, and concluded together, that they would yéld themselves to Hercules, and his mercy. With this conclusion they issued out of the Gates in a great number, and came to Hercules, the Conqueror of his enemies: first they knéeled before him down to the ground: secondly, they prayed and required of him mercy: and thirdly, they surrendred unto him their City and their goods, and said they would hold him for their Lord during their lives. Hercules, who was pitiful and gentle, to them that humbled themselves, received the Cremonians into his favour, and made them stand up, and after sent for them of his Host. When they were come, he brought them all into Cremona, where great joy was made: For they were glad of the death of the Gyants. And there was no man, woman, nor child, but did rejoyce.

In this manner was Hercules King of Cremona, and enriched with a new title of victory. The first night that hee entred into the City, he rested him and his people: and were well refreshed and well feasted. On the morrow hee caused to bring into the City the bodies of the Gyants that were dead, and buried them worshipfully. Then hee founded upon them a very great and high Tower, and upon the Tower he set eleven statues of mettal, after the fashion of the Giants that he had slain, in remembrance of his victory.

After the Edification of this Tower, Hercules left in Cremona, folk to govern them, and departed thence to go further into the Country. He studyed alway, and was never idle: hee studyed so much, that he could make the fire artificial as well as Cacus: and found the remedies against the same. What by arms and by his science, he got very great glory in Italy. He went into many places, and over all where he came or went, men did him Reverence. With great good adventure he went so far, that he came to a City standing nigh the Mount Aventine, where Re gned a King named Evander, which received him solemnly.

lemnly. It is to be noted, that when Cacus fled from Monchaya, he came into Italy unto this Mount, displeased that hee had lost his Seigniozie. Then he gave all his servants leave to depart from him, and in despair, he went to the Mount Aventine in an evening, where he was constrained to with-draw himself, for he feared Hercules much. When he was come on this Hill, he found there a great Cave, and went in without his supper, and then he began to be discomfozted greatly, and said: Alas, now am I exiled, and banished out of all my Seigniozies, and Lozdships. Now have I no succour noz comfozt of person. I dare not name me King, where I was wont by my name to make Kings to tremble, alas all is turned, and become upside down. I have nothing to eat, noz know where to lodge, unlesse it be with the beasts. O Poz King: where is any man so unhappy as I? I am so unfoztunate, that I dare not be seen noz known. With these wozds hee laid him down upon the bare ground, and laid a stone under his head, and with great pain and grief fell asleep, which dured not long, for his veins were strongly stirred, his heart was not quiet, and his body was very evil sustained. After he awoke, he went out of the Cave, to look if it were nigh day: for the night troubled him, and was to him too long. But when he was come into the air, hee saw no day appear, noz stars noz Moon-shine, but he found it all dark, and all the Regions of the air covered with clouds, whereat hee was greatly grieved. Then he went into the Cave again, not into the deepest but into the mouth, and there (sozrowful and pensive) above without any moze sleeping till it was day.

When the day appeared, Cacus went out of the Cave, up unto the top of the Hill, and began to view the Countrey about. The Country seemed to him good and fair to live there. After great pensiveneste and many thoughts, he concluded in himself, that he would abide there, and would live of boties, rapine, and theft. After he bethought himself, that he would go unto King Pricus of Calidonie, which was his Couzen, to have his Wife that he had chosen, to bear him companie, and that hee would ask and demand in marriage one of his Daughters. With this conclusion he departed from the Mount Aventine, and tak his

way unto Calidonie. Some say Calidonie is the Country that we call Calabria. When Cacus was come to Calidonie, the King Pricus received him, as it appertained to a King, forasmuch as he knew him, and was of his Linage: and demanded of him his tydings. Cacus began to sigh, when he saw that he must tell his mis-hap, and told him, from the beginning to the end, how Hercules had taken from him his Realms, and how he had bæn besieged, and was escaped. Forasmuch (said he) as I dare not abide in my own Country, I am come hither unto you for refuge, to count my sorrows. I have intention to hide mée on the Mount Aventine in a Cave, that is there until that time my enemy Hercules shall depart from my Heritage: and I will kæp mée there so secret, that no man in the world shall have knowledge thereof, to the end that Hercules know it not, forasmuch as he hath mée in great hate, and he hath more greater hap and fortune in Arms then I have: And if he knew that I were in any place, I am certain he would come thither to destroy mée. This considered, I have chosen this Cave to hide mée, as I have said: It is so, that the eyes of a man being in great trouble, rejoyce in the sight of a woman, for a woman is a comfort to a man. Wherefore I require you, that you will give mée to wife one of your Daughters. And if it please you so to do, you shall do mée a greater friendship then I can have for this present time. King Pricus answered Cacus, you are of high discent, and have great Lordships in Hesperia. If Fortune were against you this day, your Highnesse ought not therefore to be the worse estæmed. I have four Daughters, of whom the one is named Yole. Take whom it pleaseth you, except Yole, for I will not yet marry her. And if you have any will to make any Army against Hercules, tell mée plainly, I will succour you as a true and faithful friend. Cacus was very well content with the answer of the King, and thanked him, saying that he would make no Army for this season, but passe this time in the Cave as he had purposed. Then the three Daughters of King Pricus were sent for, and Cacus chose one of them, which hee wedded and after lay with her, and abode there two daies. At the end of two daies he would depart, and took leave of the King. The

King

King would have delivered unto him ten Knights, and ten Squires, to have brought him on his way, but hee refused them and would have none. Then he would have delivered to him certain Ladies and Damosels, but of all them hee tok none save the two Sisters of his Wife, which would by force goe with him. Thus then he departed from Calidonie, accompanied with the three Sisters. He was alway sorrowful, and from that time forth, being impatient for his being cast out of his Royalty, he began to rage, and bathed his Ire in the blood of men, women, and children that he met and put them all to death.

Cacus began to exercize the deeds of fury and Tyranny, as he was going to the mount Aventine. Being come thither he entred into the Cave, the best he could with his Wives, and the most secretly. Of this place he made a nest of theft, and a pit of sins. For the first night that he lodged his Wives, hee went into the Village that stood there fast by, and beheld the fairest house, whereinto he entred by a window that was open, and slew all them that were therein: after tok all the goods as much as he could carry upon his shoulders, and bare them into the Cave, where his Wives were.

CHAP. XXV.

How Cacus stole away Oxen and Kine, belonging to Hercules, and how Hercules fought with him therefore, and slew him.

IN the morning Cacus found a very great stone of marble, which he tok and bare unto his Cave, and made therewith his door. Cacus held him in this Cave, and never went out but when hee would do harme. When hee went into the field, he slew all he met. He robbed every man, deflowred Women, burnt houses and towns, and shortly spoiled, and did so much harm in Italy, that they that passed in the Country, supposed it to be destroyed by the hand of God, and could not know whence came these persecutions that Cacus made upon them. To return then to our talke of *Hercules*, hee came unto the City of King Evander, in the time that Cacus bedewed Italy with the blood of men, and filled his Cave with stolen goods. After the

coming of Hercules and of his men of Armes, his Beeves and Oxen were brought into the City, because King Evander should see them. The King took great pleasure to behold them, for they were high and passing fair. After the King had seen them, Hercules demanded of him, whither he could send to pasture that night? In truth Sir, said King Evander, if yee will follow my counsel, ye shall let them abide in this City, and not send them into the fields. Wherefore replyed Hercules? Evander answered, when we send forth our beasts, we know not where they become. They have been stolne and driven away, and we cannot tell who are the Robbers, our servants have been murdered, houses burnt, people that should labour in the field, are slain, women and maidens are violated and put to shame: and we cannot remedy it. For wee cannot have knowledge of the Authors thereof. Wherefore some men say and will avouch, it is God that doth thus punish us for our sins. Wherefore I pray you let your beasts abide in this City, to the end they be not stolen. Sir, said Hercules, yee tell to mee a great marvell: I believe well those things ye say, notwithstanding, since God hath saved them unto this day, he will keep them yet if it please him: for if he will have them he will take them as well within the City, as out in the fields. And if there bee a Robber or Theef in the Country, that will take them away, I suppose I shall find him, and make Italy quit of him. With these words Hercules sent his beasts into the Pasture, and there left them without any Keepers: The day passed over, the night came. In this night Cacus issued out of his Cave, and went into the Country to steal, if he could find any bootie. Thus he that is unhappy seeketh evil, and in the end is paid at once for his trespasses, the unhappy adventure brought him into the Meadow, where pastured the Oxen of Hercules: it was nigh the morning, he had with him his three wives. As soon as hee saw the beasts by the light of the Moon, he knew them. He was all abashed, his blood changed in his visage, and not without cause: for soon after his sorrows began to grow on him, and came to the quicknesse of the heart, that he could not speak. His wives when they saw that he spake no words, and that he beheld the

beasts

beasts all amazed, came to him, and demanded of him what he ailed? Alas answered Cacus, since it is that you must needs know: I tell you for certainty, that all the sorrow in the world ariseth in my stomack, and invironeth mine heart: For I here see the Oxen of the Tryumph of mine Enemie Hercules, and in beholding them I remember the great losses that I have had by him, and the honours that he hath made me lose, and the Realms that he hath taken away from me, and the extream misery that I am now in. Hee must needs bee here by in some place. Cursed be his coming, for I know not what I shall do: but in sign of vengeance, I will slay his Oxen and his Kine.

When the three sisters heard that Cacus sorrowed, they counselled him, he should not slay the beasts: saying if he slew them, Hercules should lose nothing, for he would eat them. It were better (said his Wife) that ye lead away as many as ye can, and bring them into our Cave: for if ye do so, Hercules shall have losse and displeasure, and we shall have pleasure and profit.

Cacus beleeved what his Wife said to him, and looked in the Meadow all about, if any man had been there keeping them, but he found no man nor woman: Then he came to the beasts, and took eight of the best he could chuse: After he bound them together with a cord by the tails, and the Cord about his neck, he drew them in that manner unto his Cave, albeit the beasts resisted strongly to go backwards in that manner. Cacus so brought all those beasts that he stole, to the end, no man should follow him by the footings of the beasts.

When he had put in his Cave the beasts of Hercules, he shut the door so well, that a man could never have known nor perceived there had been any door. Then thinking he had been safe, he laid him down and slept. After the Sunrising, Hercules that desired much to hear tydings of his beasts, arose up, and with the King Evander came unto the place, where his Oxen and Kine were. When they were come into the Meadow, Hercules found that he lacked four Oxen, and as many Kine: Whereat he was sore troubled, and commanded that they should seek all about the Meadows, and see if the footings of the beasts might be found. At this commandment, everyone began to seek. Some

there were that looked towards the Mount Aventine, and found the footings of the Oxen, but they thought by that footing, the beasts descended from the Mount, to come into the Meadow. When all they had sought long, and saw they found nothing, they made their report unto Hercules, that they could not perceive where those Oxen were issued out, and that on no side they could find any signs or tokens of Beasts going out of the Pastures. But even now said one, I have found the footings of certain Oxen and Kine, that be descended from the Mountain into the Meadow. When Hercules heard that from the Mountain were come Oxen into the Meadow. He called unto Evander and demanded what people dwelled on the Mountain. Evander said that therein dwelled neither man nor beast: and that the Mountain was not inhabited. Hercules would go to see the footing; and went thither, and he thought well that thither might have passed eight great Beasts in that night, for the traces of the feet was great. Then he would know where they were become: but he found that the footing of the Beasts took their end there as they pastured. Hee then marvelled greatly forasmuch as there were no strange Beasts and began to muse.

Now when he had a little pausèd, he beheld the Mount, and said; It must needs be that there is a thief in the Mountain, that is come and hath stolne them and led them away, going backwards. But howsoever it is, I will never depart from hence, till I have searched this Mountain, from one side to another, for my heart judgeth, the beasts are here.

With this conclusion Hercules caused to take divers Calves that were there, and made them fast till None, in the mean while he sent for his Harnesse and Arms by Phylotes, and made him ready to fight. After mid day, as the Calves began to cry, and bleat for hunger, he caused them to be brought about the Mountain. Thus as they passed by the place where the Cave was, and cryed: it hapened that the Kine in the Cave heard them, and answered: crying so loud that the sound passed by the holes of the Cave, and came to the ears of the Calves, and also of Hercules. When Hercules heard the cry of his Kine hee a-

bode

bode there: his Calves began to cry again, but his Kine cryed no more, for Cacus by the force of their cries was awaked: and he that always feared to be discovered rose up, and cut the throats of the Kine. The Calves then naturally knowing their Dammes, cryed very loud, and bleated, as they that desired their milk. Hereat Hercules marvailed very much.

Then he came near the mount, and went unto the place where he heard the Kine, and was there three hours, seeking if he could find any hole, or Cave, to passe by. Howbeit hee passed many times by the entry of the Cave, yet he could not perceive it. Some said, that the noyse and bleating they had heard of the Kine was come by Illusion. Others said, Hercules lost his labour, and prayed him to leave off to seek any more, they thought them not recoverable. In the end when Hercules had heard one and other, and saw that he might not come to the end of his desire, in a great anger he took in both arms a great Tree that grew thereby, and shoke it three times with so great force, that at the third time he overthrew it root and all. in such wise, that the root that came out of the earth made a large hole, so deep that the bottome of the Cave was seen plainly.

When Hercules saw the great whole that the root of the tree made he was very joyfull and said: Truly it is here that the great Theef dwelleth. I must see if he be here, and what Merchants inhabit in this place. In saying these words, Hercules bowes down his head, on the one side of the Cave, where he saw Cacus. As soon as he saw the Theef, he knew him, whereof hee was more joyous then he was before, and called to him, Cacus I see thee: thou hast before this time troubled the Realm of Hesperia, with innumerable trespasses and great sins, that thou didest commit openly and manifestly. This was the cause of the destruction of thy Seigniory. Now thou troublest the Italians with Tyrannies secret and unknown, I know thy like, thou mayest not deceyt it. It behoveth that thou dye therefore, and that I make the Italians free, from thy horrible and odious thefts. O cursed man, if thy Crowns, Dyademis, Sceptres, Renowns, thy Royal men might not maintain thee, Wherefore are thou wrapped here still in sins, and amendest not, fool

all

all thy punishments that thou hast suffered: But yet instead of a King and Prince, thou art a thief. Instead of doing justice thou hast bene a murtherer, and burner of Villages and houses. Where thou shouldest have kept and saved women, thou hast deflowred them, and done them villany. O Caitiff King, without repenting of thée. Certainly, I see well thou art hee that the Italians know not, and that thou hast persecuted them.

Thy malice hath bèen great and thy subtilty, seeing that unto this day thou wast never bewrayed, and hast done great mischief. But thy cunning is not so great, neither hast thou so hidden thée, but thou art nigh peril, for thou shalt yeild to mée again my Oxen. And to conclude, thou shalt put mée to death, or thou shalt dye by my hand, thou shalt not escape by running away.

When Cacus understood this sentence, hee was excédingly afraid, nevertheless he lifted up his head: and seeing that he was found by Hercules, the onely man of the world hee most hated, he said unto him: alas Hercules, a man all corrupted with covetousnesse: what cursed fortune hath made thée to draw out the trée whereof the profound and deep roots hath covered the secret abode of King Cacus, late Reigning but now deprived of all worldly prosperity. Sufficeth it not to thée, that I may have the use of my natural force to live by, when thou hast taken all away from mée: and that I am forced to live by Robbery and Spoil, whereof the blame and fault ought to redound upon thée. Why sufferest thou not mée to live out the residue of my poor life, among the stones, Rocks, and worms of the Earth? Consider now what thou hast done to the King and seek him no more. Thou hast hurt and grieved him enough. Cacus answered Hercules: In the dèepest of thy depths of wretchednesse and miseries, thy demerits will accuse thée: I am right sorry and grieved, to see a King in so woeful and shameful estate: but seeing thou canst not beautifie thy daies passed or present, with one onely good déed, what remedy? Thou hast daily exercised tyranny, as well in prosperity as in adversity. I know well that thou art the new Persecuter of the Italians, that thy hand is all foul with their blood. I seek thée not, nor the Italians can say

nothing

nothing of thée. Forasmuch as they complain not of thée, (having cause to their prejudice) this Tree hath spoken for them, and by his Roots hath discovered thine Ambush. So behoveth it that thou take thy choice, whether thou wilt come, and fight with mée, here at large, or else that I come and assail thée there. For if it be to mee possible, I will deliver the world from thy Tyrannies.

By this answer Cacus knew there was no respite for his life. Then hee intended to save himself as he had done aforetime: and made by his craft so great a smoke and dark fume, that it seemed to come out of the hole the Tree had made, as a very pit of Hell. And this black Fume was mingled with flames burning. For all this Fume Hercules left not Cacus, but leapt into the Cave, into the middle of the Flames and Fume, as he that was master of the craft, and was quickly provided of remedies that thereunto belonged, he went in lustily and assailed Cacus, in such wise as he felt no Fume nor let: and then he gave him a stroke upon the Helm with his Club, that he made him hit his head against the walls of the Cave. Cacus with the receiving of this stroke, let the fume disgorge out of his stomack, seeing that by that means he could not escape, and betook him to his huge great Axe, that stood by him, to defend himself: Hercules suffered him to take up his Axe. Cacus smote upon him, the Cave was not large, yet they fought long therein. Unto the rescue of Cacus, came the three Sisters, who did cast stones upon Hercules in great abundance, and wept bitterly.

The three Damosels loved Cacus very well. Hercules and Cacus fought more then a long hour without ceasing. And at the end of the hour, they were both so sore that they must needs rest them. Then Cacus took in himself a great pride, for hee was strong of body, and seemed when he had rested, that Hercules, was not so strong as he had been aforetimes, and that hee might never vanquish him, forasmuch as hee had not overcome at the beginning. By this presumption he demanded of Hercules, if he would finish the Combate without the Cave? Hercules answered that he was content. With this answer Cacus took

away the stone that shut the Cave, and went out, in going out after him, Hercules espyed his Kine that were dead in a corner, and his Oxen that were bound by the mussels unto a Pillar: He was sorry when he saw his Kine in that case, nevertheless, he pursued Cacus, and said unto him; Thou cursed Theef, thou hast done to mée great displeasure, to have slain my Kine. Yea (cursed Theef thy self) answered Cacus; yet hast thou done to mée more displeasures, to have slain my men, and taken away my Realms. Thou art onely culpable of the evils that I have done, and of the death of thy Kine. I would it pleased God that I had thée as well in my mercy, as I had them: bee sure thou shouldest never take away Realm from any man agen: now let us dispatch our battel. At these words Hercules and Cacus smote against each other very sore, and with great furie, so as their strokes cleaved to their Harnesse, and made a great noyse. At this noyse, the King Evander and the Greeks came to the battel, to behold, which was before the entry of the Cave, where were the three Sisters passing desolate. Cacus enforced him with all his puissance: For he saw it was time, then or never to shew all the force that he could. He handled his Axe very strongly, and it was needful so to do. He was hard and boysterous: he gave many a stroke to Hercules. And thought oftentimes he should confound him unto the earth. But Hercules on his side failed not, though hee had a stout Adversary against him: He was also strong at the Combate, and more then was good for the health of Cacus: Hee never smote Cacus, but he turned his eyes in his head, or made him rest on the one side, or go back shamefully. This battel by long during grieved the beholders, they so assailed each other and fought hard on both sides. Finally they did so much that they were driven to rest them again, their bodies did sweat all over. When Hercules saw the victorie was not yet wonne, and that the night approched, he had great shame in himself, that he had held so long battel. Then he began to lay on Cacus so hard, and redoubled his strokes with such force upon Cacus, that at the last he bare him down to the ground all astonied, and made him lose his Axe, then took off his Helm. The three Sisters fled into a Forrest, named

named Oca, full of tears and cries. Many Greeks would have gone after: but Hercules made them return. Then called hee the King Evander, and his folk, and said to him, Sir, loe here is he that was wont to trouble the Italians with secret murthers, covert thefts, unknown defiling of women. Loe here is the minister and doer of these trespasses: I have intention to punish him, not onely after his desert, but unto death.

Evander answered to Hercules, Prince excellent, and worthy above all worthies, and the best accomplished of all men, flourishing in Arms: What reverence is due? Thou deservest not onely humane reverence, but that reverence that is of Divine nature: I beleeve assuredly that thou art a God, or the son of a God: else a man deified. Thou in especial hast seen more in a moment, then all the eyes in general of all the Italians did, not in a whole year, but in an hundred years.

Oh the bright resplendent Son of Noble men: and faire shining with noble feats and deeds; How may we thank thee, and give thee praise for thy desert in this great work? Thou (by thy most excellent labour) hast disburthened us from darknesse, and hast given us light, thou hast effected more then the great Troys and all the assemblies of Italians would have been able to do. Thou hast gotten more Tryumph in chastizing of this Gyant, passing terrible, then we are able to reward thee for, truly if thou be not a God, thou hast from the Gods their singular grace. I promise to thee in remembrance of this labour, to build a solemn Temple in my City, where thou shalt have an Altar, and upon the Altar shall be thy representation of fine gold, and the representation of this Tyrant, in shewing how thou hast vanquished him, to the end that our Heirs and successors in time coming, may have thereof knowledge.

During these words Cacus had refreshed him, who was astonied of the stroke that he had received, and thought to have fled: but Hercules ran after, and caught hold of him, and imbraced him in his armes, so hard that he could not stirre from him, and brought him again and bare him unto a deep pit that was in the Cave, where he had cast in all ordure and filth. Hercules came unto this foul Pit, that the Greeks had found, and thrust Cacus

therein, his head downwards, from on high into the ordure beneath.

Then the Italians came about the Pit, and cast so many stones upon him, that he dyed there miserably. Such was the end of the poor King Cacus: he dyed in an hole full of stinking filth. When King Evander saw that he was dead: by the consent of Hercules, he made him to be drawn out of the Pit, and caused him to be born into the City, where Hercules was received so trymphantly that no man can rehearse, the Feast was great that night in the Palace of King Evander, and passed with great joy. On the morrow the King Evander caused to be set forth the body in the sight and common view of all the people, and afterwards ordained certain folk, to carry his miserable corps or body, through all the Cities where he had done harme, and to count and rehearse to them his life. When the body was shewed in the City of King Evander, they that had the government thereof, bare it into divers places, and alway praised Hercules.

In remembrance of this victorie, the King Evander commanded to begin the Temple he had promised to Hercules, and required Hercules that he would stay in that Country, until the time his Temple should be fully finished. Hercules beheld how King Evander did labour about building his Temple, with all diligence, agreed to his request, forasmuch as to him seemed the Temple would be shortly made. Some books say, that long time before, Mars had promised Hercules, there should bee a Temple made unto him: and for that cause he was come into Italy, to know if his destiny would happen or no? And when the Italians heard speech of the birth of Hercules, they believed hee was the Son of Jupiter, not of Amphitrion.

CHAP. XXVI.

How the Queen of *Laurentia* fell in love with *Hercules*: and how King *Pricus* came into *Italy* with a great Hoast, to defie *Hercules*.

The glorious deeds of Hercules were greatly recommended in Italy, as well for that hee had vanquished the Gyants

of

of Cremona, as for the death of Cacus. So great was his renown, that during the building of his Temple, all manner of people came thither to see him, and did him divine honours, naming him the Son of Jupiter. The Kings and the Lords came to him, to give him gifts, and rich presents. Among all other the Queen of Laurentia came thither, from her City with many Chariots, filled and laden with Jewels, and presenting them to Hercules. Hercules received into his grace this Queen and her Presents, and thanked her greatly. This Queen had to name Facua, and was Wife to King Faunus, Sonne of King Pricus, the Son of Saturne: she was young, fresh, tender, and full of lustinesse. She had not seen King Faunus her Husband in four years, for he was gone into a far Countrey and was not in all this time come again. So it happed, that after she first began to behold Hercules, and to mark him well, she desired his company and acquaintance: and shee loved him so exceedingly, that she could not turn her eyes nor her thoughts upon no other thing but Hercules. In the beholding him she said in her heart, that he was the most well favoured man, and proper without comparison, that ever she saw, and that of right, men should give him praise, saying moreover, that her heart was intangled with the fire of his love: that many cogitations and thoughts ran in her mind. Now was she awaked with a joyous spirit. She passed so the first day that shee came in this manner with Hercules. When she was gone away to rest, she laid her down on a bed and began to think on the beauty of Hercules, with such ardent desire that she could not abstain from weeping, and sore wished after him: whereof the end was such, that after many Imaginations, about the morning shee began to say unto her self, O Fortune, what Man, what Prince, what King hast thou brought into this Country? This is not a King like other.

This is an Image singular, and like as if God had made him by nature to exceed and Tryumph above all her other works. All glory shineth in him, not onely by his valiant Prowesse, but by his simple and sacred perfection of body, to whith may not made no comparison.

O clear Image among the Nobles, who is shee seeing his

MI - 1994

eyes, that with one onely sight will not have her heart thorow pierced? Who is the that will not covet and desire his grace? The most fortunate of all, happy and well fortuned shall the be that may get his good will: her is humble, fair, pleasant and laughing: he is a treasure. O dear treasure! like as the Gold surpasseth all other manner of mettals, so hee surpasseth all other works of nature: how then, shall I not love him? As long as I live, his name shall remain written in my memory, and his vertues shall never be forgot.

Great were the praises that Facua uttered of Hercules: and she forgot the King Famus, and neglected him for the love of Hercules. She was there a certain space of time, and alwaies thought on him. Hercules that thought nothing of her, made her no semblance nor sign of love, howbeit he talked oft times with her, and with the Wife of King Evander, named Carmenta. The more he conferred with them, the more was Facua in great pain by the inflaming of love: sometime shee lost her colour and countenance, but certainly she covered it so well, that no man took heed of it.

When she had been there eight daies, bearing such grievous pain, and seeing that Hercules perceived not the love shee bore him; to come to the end of her desire, she came on a day to Hercules, and humbly required him to come to her house, to passe the time whiles the King Evander there finished his Temple. Hercules accorded and agreed unto her request, whereat shee had very great joy in her self. They then disposed themselves to go unto Laurencia, and took leave of the King Evander, and of the Queen. Thus going, Hercules, wasalwaies by the side of Facua, who reasoned of many things by the way: and alway Facua had her amorous eyes fixed on Hercules, that at last Hercules began to take heed, and said to her softly thus: Lady you do mee exceeding honour, to bring mee into your house. Alas Sir answered Facua, I do nothing but trouble you: for I have not the power to feast you as I fain would. Lady (answered Hercules) the good cheer that you bestow on mee, is to mee acceptable, so that from henceforth ye bind mine heart to be willing to fulfill your will in such wise, that there is nothing that you de-

sire

fire; but I will accomplish it at your commandement, unto my power, as to any the most best accomplished Lady that is in the West. Facua with these words began to smile, and answered. Sir, I have done nothing for you: and you are not beholding to mee as you say. Nowbeit, I thanke you for your good words. And thereof I hold mee fortunate and happy, for that the most worthy man of all men vouchsafeth to accompany so poor a Lady as I am. Lady (answered Hercules) I take not that to be attributed rightly to mée, to say, that I am the most worthy of men: for there have been many better then I am. But certainly, the more yée speak, the more yée bind mée to you. And since you do mée so great honour, I request that I may be your Knight, and that ye take power over mée, to command mée to perform your will and pleasure. Sir said Facua, will yée that it be so? Lady (answered Hercules) most willingly. I will not command you (said Facua) but I will give you over mée as much Seigniory and Lordship as it shall please you to take. Hercules with the same word, would fain have kissed the Lady, had it not been for the honour of her which hee would keep. Thus they ended their conference for that time, and from that day forth Hercules intended to please the Lady more then hee had done before: shortly he acquainted himself so with her, and shee with him, that they lay together secretly. And he begot on her a Son, that was named Lavine, who was afterward of great Government.

During these things, whilst Hercules and Facua had this good opportunity in Laurentin, tydings came that the King Faunus was coming. Facua, who began to take delight in the love of Hercules, was passing sorry when she heard these tydings, for she had firmly fixed her heart on Hercules. Suddainly the tears blubbered her eyes. And weeping, she came into a Chamber where Hercules was: then she took him apart, and said to him. Alas my Love, I shall dye for sorrow. Lady (said Hercules) wherefore? For so much (said shée) as my Husband the King Faunus cometh home: It is full four years since I heard of him. I had supposed he had been dead, but is not. His Harbingers are come before. And say he will sup here this night. Alas,

what

what evil adventure is this? Thee must now depart, and our communication fail. With these words, the Lady embraced Hercules, and fell in his arms in a swound, Hercules took her up, and comforted her the best he could, and said unto her, that since she was married, it was reason she should abide still with her Husband. Whatsoever Hercules said unto the Lady, hee could not keep her from weeping, her love and her greefs were great. In the end, she went into her Chamber, and dryed her eyes and brake off her dolorous weeping as much as they could, arraying and apparrelling her in such wise, as if she had been very joyful at the coming of her husband, who came soon after, and entred into the City, with great Triumph.

Hercules and the Queen Facua went to meet the King Faunus. When the King Faunus saw Hercules he did to him as much honour as he could do. Forasmuch as hee was advertised of the deeds of arms that he had done against the Gyants of Cremona, and against Cacus: and highly thanked him, forasmuch as hee was come into the City. For consolation Hercules abode there four daies after Faunus came home: and on the fifth day considered, he might no longer enjoy his Love, he did nothing there but lose his time, so hee took his leave of King Faunus, and of the Queen Facua, and returned unto the Palace of King Evander, where he abode unto the time that his Temple was accomplished. About the consummation of this Temple, an Herauld of Calidonia, came to Hercules, and signified unto him, that King Pricus came against him, with a great puissance of men of Arms, to revenge the blood of Cacus his Cousen: and that hee charged Hercules he had without cause (most cruelly put to death a noble King.) Moreover, that if he would maintain the contrary, on the morrow early hee should find King Pricus in the same place where the blood of King Cacus was shed: and that by mortal Battel, puissance against puissance, he would prove it true that he said.

When Hercules had heard what King Pricus had signified unto him: he had his heart full of joy, and answered to the Herauld, the death he had made Cacus to dye, was a work of Justice: and that upon the quarrel, he would answer by Battell,

King

King Pricus, at the hour and place that hee had named. After this answer thus made, Hercules gave unto the Herauld his Gown that he ware upon him, and caused him to be Feasted, saying that he had brought him tydings of pleasure.

When the Herauld had had good chear, and well Feasted, as Hercules commanded: he returned to King Pricus, and told him the answer of *Hercules*, and that he should have on the morrow the Battel. King Pricus thought to win all by the advantage of his multitude, (for he had in his Army above thirty thousand men) and thanked his God for these tydings; came forward, and lodging him the same night, nigh unto the Mount Aventine upon the River of Tyber. He made him ready to fight this battel: The like did Hercules: either of them minding what they had to do. Thus the night passed, and on the morrow, as soon as the day light appeared King Pricus and Hercules began to sound their great Tabours, and with that sound, their men put them in arms, and made themselves ready, after trained in order of battel. And so they came on both parties, as well the one as the other, into the same place where the blood of King Cacus had bæn shed.

CHAP. XXVII.

How *Hercules* fought King *Pricus* in battail: how he fled into the City, where *Hercules* alone slew him, and many others.

About five of the clock in the morning, Hercules and Pricus assembled at the battel: from as farre as Pricus saw Hercules, he made a marvailous cry. With this cry the Calidonians began to run against Hercules and made so great a noyse, that it seemed there was not people enow in all the world for them. But certainly, as small rain abateth down a great wind, in like manner Hercules alone suppressed their over-boasting uprore.

For as soon as he saw his enemies come running against him, about a quarter of a mile off, he departed from his main Body that was set in good order; and after he commanded his folk that they should not make haste, he began to run against the Calidonians

donians swiftly: not like an Horse, but an Hart, that no man might overtake. The King Evander was all abashed, to see in Hercules so great nimblenesse. Pricus and the Calidonians, when they saw him move from the Hoast, supposed it had bin a Horse, or other Beast. In the end, when Hercules was come nigh them, within the space of a Bow-shot, they knew it was Hercules: whereupon they were sore abashed at his comming: Pricus cryed to have set his men upon him. They shot Arrows, and they cast Darts and Spears upon Hercules, against all the parts of his body: nevertheless they could never peirce nor enter into the skin of the Lyon, and he never rested, till he had accomplished his course, thrusting himself forwards among his enemies so mightily, that overthrowing all before him, like as a Tempest or Thunder, he went into the midst of the Hoast, where was the chief Banner of King Pricus.

Hercules staied there, and began to lay on, upon one side and the other, and dye his Sword with the blood of the Calidonians. His Sword was so heavy that no man might endure it, bruising all it reacht. It made the place red where Cacus dyed. Then was not the shame and death of Cacus revenged, but augmented upon the persons of his friends, with an exceeding slaughter. The cry arose great about Hercules: hee broke to pieces the Banners and Recognizances of the Calidonians; there was none so hardy but he drove him back: and none so resolute but he fled from him. Then he made what spoil he would with his Enemies. Theseus, Evander, and others, came unto the battel. At this conflict there was many a Spear, Halbert and Shield broken, and many a Knight slain. The Calidonians were in great number, and many were both strong and mighty. The battel was sharp and furious. King Pricus set foremost upon the Greeks, and fought most valiantly, and Hercules and Theseus did worthily, and deserving memory: they ran from ranck to ranck, and brake the ranks of their Enemies. They comforted and encouraged their men, and shewed them how they should do. Their deeds were so great, that it is impossible to recount them, for in little time they put their enemies to despair. All the discomfiture was upon the Calidonians, for they could not withstand the force of the Greeks. And when King Pricus saw

that his people could no more fight, and that he lost on all sides, that Fortune was against him in all points, being weary with fighting, he withdrew him out of the presse, and sounding a retreat, the Calidonians fled after him.

When Hercules saw the Calidonians withdraw themselves, he made his Greeks retreat: not for any need they had, but to give leave to their enemies to rest them. Thus the battel ceased, Hercules supposing that the Calidonians would assemble on the morrow when they had rested them: but they withdrew themselves, some here, some there. The day passed, the night came, then King Pricus assembled his Captains and shewed to them their losse, and the strength and might of the Greeks, and in especiall of Hercules. After he said to them, that they could never conquer them, and that they could not do wiser then withdraw them, and to return into their Country. The Calidonians that feared Hercules more then death, or a Tempest, had great joy when they understood the will of King Pricus, and answered all with one accord, that they were ready to go forth on their way. With this answer they concluded to leave their Tents, Carts, and Armour, to go lightly, and more secretly. After this they took their way according to their conclusion, fair and softly, without stir or noyse, and did travail so this night, that on the morrow they were far from Hercules. After this, when Hercules espyed that they were fled, he with his men pursued after swiftly, howbeit they could not overtake them. For to spéed the matter, King Pricus returned into Calidonie, Hercules pursued him into his City, which was strong with Walls, and besieged him. During this siege there was never a Calidonian that durst come out. Hercules oftentimes assaulted the City, but lost his labour. At length when he saw he could not get nor win upon his enemies, he called his Greeks, and said to them: that man that venturetb not, winneth nothing. We sojourne here without doing any thing worthy of memory. Our Enemies will not come against us unlesse wee fetch them, and thus we shall have no end: thirdly wee must winne or lose all. Wherefore I think it best that I disguise mée, and go unto the Gate, and let the Porters understand that I have an errand

unto the King: and hereupon, if I may enter, I will go unto the King, and so deal if it be possible, that he shall never assault mee after in battel. And if it happen that I may so do, as I have told you, I will that ye assail the City, as soon as I shall be within, that the Calidonians may have to do with you, as well as with mee, lest I have them all at once upon mee.

When Theseus and Evander understood well what Hercules would do, they answered they were ready to obey all his commandements, and would assault the City after his saying. Then Hercules arrayed himself like as he had been an Ambassadour. Theseus and the Greeks made themselves ready for the assault. When all was ready, Hercules departed, and came and knockt at the Gate of Calidonie: the Porters looked out at a little Window, to see who knocked there, and seeing there was but one man in a long Gown, they opened the Gate for him, and asked him what he would have? Hercules answered, that hee sought the King, what would you with him said one of the Porters. Hercules said, I would fain speak with his Majesty: and saying these words, the Porters saw that Hercules was Armed under his Gown; then in few words, they cryed, upon him, and laid at him before and behind: saying he was a Traitor, and that he was come to espie the City. When Hercules saw himself set upon by the Porters, being where he would bee, hee had great joy: which he covered, and made shew at the beginning, as if he would have fled away and escaped: he imployed so little of his strength, that the Porters brought him unto King Pricus, which sate in the Hall with his Daughters and his Princes, and presented him to them, saying: Sir, loe here is a Traitor, that is entred into your City, for to espy your power. Wee have taken him: He said that he would speak unto your Majesty and he is armed under his Mantle as ye may see: It is an evil token for a man desiring to speak to a King, Armed privily or covertly.

When the King understood this accusation of the Porters, whilest they spake, he beheld Hercules, and he knew him: whereat he was so sore affrighted, that he knew not what to say. Hercules then pulled himself, and wrung himself from the Porters,

ters, throwing them down upon the ground, that they never could relieve themselves. When the Calidonians in the Hall, saw him so evil intreat their Porters, they threatned Hercules unto death, and assailed him on all sides. His Gown was then rent off. In the bickering he received many a stroke, and always he defended himself, without displaying of his power and great strength, as he that waited for the tydings of the assault that was nigh. The affray was great in the Hall, and on the City on all parts, the Calidonians ran to the Palace, to assail Hercules: King Pricus made him ready, and came with others unto this fray. Then was Hercules assailed fiercely: but this assault was dear to the King: for to his welcome Hercules came to the Tabernacle that stood upon four great Barres of Iron: the one whereof he took, and beat down the Tabernacle. After, he lifted up his Barre, and smote King Pricus, so unmeasurably upon the top of his Helmet, that hee beat him down to the Earth, and smote him so sore, that he fell down dead betwéen his two Porters.

At this time, the cry arose great among the Calidonians, not onely there, but in the City also, (for he that kept the Watch sounded to Arms, the Greeks assailing to clime the Walls.) Calidonie was then troubled terribly, and the Calidonians knew not where to turn them: whether to Hercules, or the assault? All was full of Armed men, as well in the Kings Palace, as on the Walls. After *Hercules* had slain Pricus, hee began to lay on soundly upon his Enemies, his strokes were great, and at each stroke he slew two or three, that in short space he covered all the pavement of the Palace with dead bodies of the Calidonians, lying one upon another, without any damage to himself. The Calidonians were of great courage, and were ashamed that they could not overcome Hercules, who alone had injured them so much. They assailed him fiercely, and cast upon him Darts and sharp Javelins. With his Arms he bore all, and did so much with his barre, that they could not resist his strength. The poor Calidonians came thither with great courage, to revenge the death of their King. Hercules slew so many, that he knew not where to set his foot, but upon their carkasses.

kalles. Before the Gate of the Palace, was a great noyle, and weeping, that Women and Children made. In the end, when the Calidonians perceived the strength of Hercules, they ceased to assail him, and fled. Then Hercules issued out of the Palace, with his Barre all covered with blood. As soon as the Calidonians saw him, they assailed him again: casting Stones and Darts upon him, and shot Arrows aboundantly, as they that awaited his passage. In this assault, Hercules suffered much, yet he passed them that would have slain him, and rested not until he came to the Gate.

Then the Calidonians ran after him, as men careless of their lives, and mightily enraged, began again to lay on Hercules. When he saw that, he turned his face upon them, and laid about with his Barre on every side, so lustily, that he dyed his Barre with new blood: and maugre his enemies, he made them retire back, more then forty paces: and obtained the Gate. Then the Calidonians pursued him again: but ere they came upon him he broke all the Locks and the Wicket of the Gate: so that the Greeks assailed them with all their power, and beat down the Draw-Bridge. After he called the Assailants, and they came unto him, and with little resistance they entred the City, which was filled at that time with great slaughter of the Calidonians, who would not yeild, nor put themselves to mercy, untill the time that they saw their streets and houses full of dead bodies.

CHAP. XXVIII.

How *Hercules* was enamoured on *Yole*, the Daughter of King *Pricus*, how he required her Love, and she accorded.

IN this manner was King Pricus slain, and his City taken by Hercules. After the slaughter, when the Calidonians had humbled themselves, Hercules and Theseus went unto the Palace, and they came thither so fitly, that they found the Daughters of King Pricus, with their Ladies and Gentlewomen, seeking the King among the dead bodies. There were so many dead that they could not find nor know him they sought. Hercules at his coming began to behold one and other, but especially among all

all others, he cast his eye upon Yole, the Daughter of the King: for as much as she was excellently glistring in beauty, that in all the world was none like unto her. When he had a little beheld her, by a secret commandement of love, he drew him unto her, thinking to comfort her. When the desolate Gentlewoman saw Hercules approaching unto her, she trembled for fear, and fled unto her Chamber, the Ladies and Gentlewomen followed her, and with them went Hercules. He entred into the Chamber where she was, and sate down by her. She thought to have risen, to have gone out of the way, but hee held her by her cloaths, and said unto her: Lady, ye must not fly my company. Yole spake then, and said: Oh miserable Tyrant, what seekest thou mée now for to trouble mée more? Thou hast slain my Father, let that suffice thée. Madam (answered Hercules) if the King your Father be dead, it is reason: For he thinking to Revenge the death of the Tyrant Cacus, came not long since to assail mée in Italy, saying: that I had unjustly and without cause slain him. In maintaining the contrary, I fought with him upon this quarrel; the Battel was not ended, nor put to utterance at that time, for hee withdrew himself with his people, and came into this City. And I have pursued him hastily.

And when he saw that I laid my siege about this City: hée would not come to fight the battel during my Siege, wherefore this day I purposed to finish the Warre. Fortune hath béen on my side, and hath put you in my power. Certainly, without remedy you must be my Lady and Love: for in séeing your singular beauty, love hath constrained mée to be yours: Then I pray you as affectuously as I may, cease your sorrow, and receive mée as your friend. The more ye weep the lesse ye winne: continuall tears and sorrow, nor lasting sighs, can never raise your Father.

With these words the fair Yole was sore oppressed with hot and contrary imaginations, that her heart failed her. It was a pitious thing to behold how her friend *Hercules* would have taken her up, betwéen his arms. But a wise Lady that had alwaies governed her, came to him, and kneeling on her knées, said:

ſaid: Sir, I conjure you in the name of God, that yée will ceaſe to ſpeak to this poor Damoſel, for ſhe hath this day loſt her Father. You may do with her your own pleaſure, if yee let her a little abide in her melancholly: all ſhall bee well if it pleaſe God, as well for you as for her. At the requeſt of the Lady, Hercules was content to let her go, and he recommended Yole to God, and went unto Theſeus, to paſſe his time away with him: but to the end that Yole ſhould not go away nor eſcape, hee ordained twelve Greeks to kéep her, and commanded upon pain of death, they ſhould ſuffer no Woman to iſſue out of the Chamber, without examining whither ſhe went. In this night Hercules did cauſe the dead bodies to be had out of the Palace. And ordained that the body of King Pricus ſhould bee intombed. When thoſe things were accompliſhed, Hercules and Theſeus with their men of Arms made good chear, with ſuch as they found there: and Yole at this time was ſore diſcomforted that it cannot be recounted. The Lady that had her in governance, ſought very much to comfort her. Then when Hercules had left her in the Chamber, as is ſaid, ſhe had many words with her, and among all other ſhe ſaid to her: My Daughter, you wéep too much. Ha Madam (ſaid Yole) how may I do leſſe? when ſhall I have cauſe to wéep, if I have it not now? My Father is dead: I have loſt him that moſt loved mée of all the world, I can loſe no greater thing. Ought not then my heart to bée ſorrowful? My Daughter (ſaid the Lady) I know well that ye have as great occaſion of ſorrow as any woman can have: but ſince you muſt paſſe by this misfortune, what can your wéeping profit you? There can nothing proceéd of it but melancholly-neſſe, and impairing of your praiſed beauty. Ye are now fallen into the hands of this Prince. This is a man worthy and Noble above all other, he loveth you: you ought to thank God, and to give him praiſe for this grace. This is to you good fortune, and a hap in your miſ-hap. If you will bee ruled by mée, you ſhall take all this in good part. Better it is to ſuffer one evil then two. I think ye ought to conſider your eſtate. And if yée conſider it well, ye ſhall endeavour to forget it. Madam (ſaid Yole) Alas, how can that be, that I ſhould love, or have familiarity

kiarity with him, that hath done unto mée so much harm. Hée hath not onely taken from mée a Knight, and Uncle, nor a Cousen, but mine onely proper Father, let none speak to mée thereof. He is and shall be my mortal Enemie, as long as I and he shall live, hee shall have no more of mée, for prayer, promise, nor menaces.

My Daughter (said the Lady) make not your self bond, whereas you are frée: the effects of love be subtil and suddain. Love is alway in his secret throne, that can doe no other thing, but humble the hard hearted, and bow the strongest. So hard a heart is not among the humane Creatures, but that it is some humbled and made méek, when it is his pleasure. There is no Tower so high, but it may be overthrown by subtill undermining. Nor no night so dark, but it is overcome by the day. Yée hate Hercules now, but after yee have a while kept company with him, peradventure you will love him better then ever you loved your Father, or any of your kindred. And that I know by experince: for I hated my Husband at first exceedingly, but shortly after when wée began to bee acquainted together, I loved him so, that if he had not béen with mée day and night, I thought I should have dyed for sorrow. My Daughter, such are the chances of Love, that oftentimes after great hate cometh great love. The glory of Hercules is so clear, that your heart ought to be delighted therewith: the Conquest that hée hath made in this City, shall be for you a singular preparation to all good. Would you attain unto a greater height of honour, then to bee Lady of him who is the subduer of Kings: and the most valiant in arms? For to him is nothing unpossible: having conquered the most part of the world. O my Daughter, rejoyce in your Fortune: shut not the door to prosperity that cometh to you: it is to be beléeved, the desolation of this City was appointed by God, in favour of you, that are the Paragon: and none like unto you, of all the Daughters of the Kings, to give you in Marriage unto this man.

With these words the fair Yole had her stomack surprized with sundry Imaginations. She rose up from that part, and went into her Guard-robe, where was the representation of

the Goddesse Diana. When she came thither she kneeled down in great humility, before the Image: abounding in sighs, and weeping, said: Goddesse of Virgins, what shall thy Hand-maid do? O lighten my hope, behold mine affliction, and weigh my mis-hap. Send thine eyes into the secret of mine heart, and see the sorrow I suffer, and in the favour of Virgins, preserve me from the hand of him that would have me for his Wife; since he hath reused in me a mortal hate, which is not possible to be rooted out, as Nature nogeth in me: (for it is impossible I should love mine enemie) I am therefore perswaded, that the hate which I have against this Tyrant Hercules, shall abide for ever.

In these Prayers and Lamentations Yole abode, until the dead time of the night: cursing Hercules: saying, that shee had rather dye then love him. Thus disdaining the love of Hercules, without meat or drink she passed that whole night. The day following, Hercules returned unto her: and anew prayed her, that she would be his Wife: saying that without delay, she must needs yeild thereunto. Shee was sore grieved at his request, and excused her self in many fashions, that were too tedious to rehearse at this time. But yet at the end of the requests of Hercules, Love inspired in such wise this fair Gentlewoman that she yeilded unto his request. Thus Yole accompanied with Hercules as his Wife, and they lay together: and grew acquainted each with other. Love then rooted in their hearts, so that their two wills were locked into one. Hercules forgot Dejanira, and Yole forgot the death of her Father and was so enamoured on Hercules, that she could rest in no place without him. O wonderful! the rancour and hate that Yole had yesterday, is now turned into love infallible. To speed this matter, Hercules and Yole thus loving together, at her request he gave her Sisters in Marriage, to certain Knights of the Greeks, and left them there to govern the Country, and the Realm of Calidonie. After he departed from thence, and brought his Dren and his Kine with him, and sent again the King Evander into his Dominion, thanking him for his company, and the honour he had done him.

Evander

Evander would gladly have accompanied Hercules into Greece: But Hercules would on no tearms suffer him. At last Evander (with great thanks to Hercules and his Army) departed: and Hercules with his Army went unto the Sea, and forgot not behind him the fairest Yole, for he loved her dearly. All day hée was with her, and she pleased him as well as she could, fearing more to lose his love, then she was sorry for the death of her Father. As they thus sailed on the maine Sea, maintaining to their power their amorous life. Hercules encountred on a day, nigh by an Haven and a good City, a Merchants Galley. Hée made the Galley to tarry, and after called the Master, and asked him of what Country he was, and from whence he came? Sir (answered the Master of the Galley) I departed late from the Port of Thrace, that is here by: I sée you are a stranger, and that ye know not the peril you are in, wherefore I have pity of you, and of your company: and do advertise you, that at the next Haven you shall find, ye tarry not there, for any thing that may befall you: for as truly as you are here, if you go thither you shall take harm enough: there is a King, the most cruel Tyrant in all the world, named Dyomedes: that maintaineth under him ten thousand Théeves, and he maketh warre against all that he finds, and hath a custome that he putteth men to pay Ransomes, such as it pleaseth him: and if they that hée puteth to such misery, pay their Ransomes, he letteth them go quietly, and with that money and substance, hee nourisheth his Théeves, and his Horses. If they cannot furnish themselves with their Ransome, he himself smiteth them to morsels, and giveth their bodies to his horses, to eat and devoure. But there is one good thing for you, this morning, hee is gone to the chase, to hunt about a Forrest which is some four miles from Thrace, and with him there are an hundred of the strongest Théeves he hath. This I know for a certain, for I saw them depart not passing thrée hours since.

MI - 1994

CHAP. XXIX.

How *Hercules* fought against *Dyomedes* in the Forrest of *Thrace*: and how he made his Horses eat him.

HErcules hearing these words the Master of the Galley had said unto him, in rehearsing the life of Dyomedes was passing joyful in his heart, more then he had bèn since the death of the Thèef Cacus. He had in him that valour, that where he might know a Monster or Tyrant, or any men molesting the Weale, thither he went, and such Tyrants he destroyed: to the end that men should not say, he did it for gain, he would never retain to his proper use any of their goods, but all he conquered in that manner he gave to Noble men, and sought nothing but vertue. He would not enlarge his Seigniorie, nor take to himself any advantage.

He was content with what Nature gave him. And alway he would labour for the publick good. O most vertuous Pagan, there was none like him neither before nor after. For to go forward with my matter, when the Master had advertised him that Dyomedes was gone on hunting into the Forrest, with his hundred Thèves, he enquired so much that the Master shewed him the scituation of the Forrest, and by what manner hee might lowest come thither. After this, hee gave leave to the Master to go his way. That done, he called his Marriners and made them sèek the place. Then he bid his Greeks tarry there, and told them he would go to the Forrest, and sèek Dyomedes: saying, he would never return into Greece, till hee had delivered the world of this Tyrant. Yole began to wèep, when she heard his enterprize, and (wèeping) prayed him, he would leave the hazard of so great peril. Hercules took no regard nor hèed to her prayers. He delivered to Phylotes his Bow, and his Club, and entred into a little Galley finely made and light. Which hee guided by the help of Phylotes, very nigh the place where hee would be: and took land two bow shots from the Forrest, and in setting foot on land he heard the cry and noyse of the hunting, and said he was well and where he would be. He took then his Club,

Club, and left his Bow with Phylotes. After he entred the forrest and had not far ranged, when he found Dyomedes and his hundred Thæves. Dyomedes was the first that from far espyed Hercules, and knew that he was a stranger, and calling to him said, Gyant, what is it thou seekest in this Forrest; Hercules answered, what art thou? Dyomedes said, I am the King of Thrace: thou art entred into my Dominion without my leave, it displeaseth mee, and thou must bee my Prisoner, wherefore yeld thée unto mée. *Hercules* said: King, since thou art Dyomedes, the King of Thrace, thou art undoubtedly the Tyrant that I seek. And therefore I am not purposed to yield mée, without smiting, especially to an evil Thef. Know thou, that I will defend mée with this Club, with which I have bæn accustomed to destroy Monsters, and am in hope this day, to make thy Horses eat and devour thy body, like as thou hast taught and used them to eat thy Prisoners.

When Dyomedes heard the answer of *Hercules*, hee took a great Axe, that one of his Thæves bare after him, and he lifted it up, threatning Hercules unto the death, and discharged so hard that if Hercules had not turned the stroke with his Club, he had bæn in great peril. Dyomedes was of the stature of *Hercules*, and had aboundance of strength and puissance. When Hercules had received the stroke, he lifted up his Club, and failed not to smite Diomedes for he gave him such a stroke upon the stomack, that he turned him up side down, from his Horse, and laid him all astonied in the Field. Then his hundred Thæves bestirred them, and assailed *Hercules* on all sides. Some of them there were that recovered Dyomedes, and set him on his horse, the other shot at Hercules: some brake their Swords on him. All this impaired nothing of the Arms of Hercules. His Halbert and his Helmet were of fine Steel, forged and tempered hard. He stood there among them like a Mountain. When hee had sustained the first Assault of the Thæves, to shew to them with whom they fought, he set upon them, and smote down on all sides with such valour that suddenly he made the pieces of them fly into the Wood, and smote them down from off their Horses. Dyomedes was at that time risen up, and with great fury came

unto the rescue of his Thæves, whom Hercules used as hé would. Whiles that some of them assailed him before, he came behind, and smote him with his Axe upon his Helm, the stroke was so great, that the fire sprang out. Dyomedes had well thought to have murthered Hercules: yet Hercules moved not for the stroke but a little bowed his head. After this, then hé lifted up his Club, and smote among the Thæves; and mauger them all, in lesse then an hour, he had so laboured his Iron about their backs, that of the hundred hee slew sixty, and the other he battered, and put to flight with Dyomedes. But Hercules running more swiftly then an Horse, amongst all others he pursued Dyomedes so nigh, that he caught him by the legg, and pulled him down from his horse, and threw him against a Trée unto the earth. After he took him about the body, and by main force, he bare him unto the place where the battel had béen. There he unarmed him, with little resistance. For that Dyomedes was then bruised, & could not help himself, when he had gotten him thus at his will, he bound him fast by the feet & hands. After this, he assembled together twenty Horses of the Thæves, that ran dispersed in the Wood, and came to Dyomedes, and said unto him. O thou most cursed enemie that hast imployed all thy time in Tyranny, and didest never one good déed, but all thy daies hast lived in multiplying of sins and vices, and hast troubled the people by thy thefts, and hast nourished thy Horses with mans flesh: and by this cruelty supposed to have made mée to dye: Surely I will do Justice upon thée, and will do to thy evil person, like as thou wouldest have done to mine. Then Hercules laid the Tyrant in the middest of the Horses, which had great hunger, and they devoured him, for they loved mans flesh. And thus when Hercules had put the Tyrant to death, he took his Arms in sign of victory, and returned to Phylotes.

Phylotes had great joy when he saw Hercules return, her enquired of him how he had done. And Hercules would neither hide nor conceal any thing from him. What shall I say? with great joy and glamesse they returned back again, unto the Greeks, and did cause to dis-anchor their Ships, and sailed for

the

the Port or Haven of Thrace. Then did Hercules make known in Thrace, the death of Dyomedes, whereat was a great uproar, Notwithstanding, Hercules gave to Phylotes the arms of Dyomedes, and sent him into the City, to summon them that Governed it, to yeild it into his hands. Phylotes went into the Palace of Thrace, and made to be assembled them that were the Principals in the City. When they were assembled, Phylotes laid open to them his message, and summoned the Thracians that they should deliver their City into the hands of Hercules: Saying, that Hercules was he that had put to death the King Dyomedes, for his evil living, and for the love of the common weale: and that the City could do no better but to receive him at his coming, (for he would not Pillage it) but would only bring it to good government. When he had done this Summons, that they should beleeve him, he shewed them the Arms of Dyomedes.

When the Thracians saw those Arms of Dyomedes, some of the Complices of Dyomedes, and Thæves, were full of great rage, and would have taken the Arms from Phylotes. The other that were wise and notable men, and that many years had desired the end of their King (seeing his Arms) knew assuredly that Dyomedes was dead, full of joy answered to Phylotes; Forasmuch as Hercules was a King of great renown and wisdome, and hath done a work of great merit in the death of Dyomedes, they would receive him into their City.

Without long discourses, the Thracians went unto the Gate and opened it. Phylotes returned then unto Hercules, and told him these tydings. Hercules and the Greeks went out of their Galleys, and entred into Thrace. The Thracians brought them into the Palace where were yet many Thæves. Hercules put all the Thæves to death, not in the same night, but during the space of ten daies, that he sojourned there.

He set the City in good order, delivered it from the evil Thæves: He made Judges by election, at the pleasure of the people. And when he had finished all these things, he departed from Thrace with great thanks, as well of the old as of the young. He mounted on the Sea, after by succession of time, he came

came unto his Realm of Lycia, into his Palace, where he was receiued with great ioy of the Inhabitants there, and also of the Neighbours. There he abood with the fair Yole, whom he loued aboue all temporal goods.

CHAP. XXX.

How *Dejanira* sorrowed for the loue of *Hercules* to *Yole*.

THeseus after the return of Hercules: Seeing he would abide there, and there was no mention, in all the world of any Monster or Tyrant, took leaue of his fellow Hercules, Yole, Phylotes, and others, and went to Athens, and Thebes. Likewise the Greeks took leaue and every man returned into his Country, repeating in all the places where they went, the great aduentures, and the glorious workes of Hercules. Then his renown ran as swiftly as the wind, so that it came unto Iconie, whereas Dejanira sojourned, and it was said to Dejanira, that Hercules was returned from Spain, with great tryumph, and come into Lycia. Dejanira for his Renown was glad, and rauished with joy, and concluded to go unto him, yet was abashed for that he had not signified to her his coming, and that he had not sent for her, doubting that she should be out of grace with Hercules. She made ready her company, and in noble estate, departed from Iconie, on a day to go into Lycia. Shee tarryed there, to attyre her in the best wise she could, called her Esquire named Lycas, and commanded him that he should go into Lycia, and signifie unto Hercules of her coming. At the commandement of Dejanira, Lycas went unto the City, and it happened at the Gate, he met a man of his old acquaintance, a Squire of Herculesses. Lycas and the Squire saluted each other friendly. After Lycas asked the Squire, and demanded of him, where the King was: and if he were in his Palace: Yea verily (said the Squire) he is there, I know well, and passeth his time with his Lady Yole: the most beautiful, and most resplendissant Lady that is in all this world. Each man praiseth her a thousand times more then Dejanira. Hercules hath her in so much grace, that continually they are together. And whatsoeuer the Lady doth

doth, it is acceptable unto Hercules: there is no man that can tell the great love they have together.

Lycas hearing these tydings of the Squire, took leave of him, and made semblance to have left behind him some of his precious Gems, and Jewels: for he was of opinion in himself, that it would be good to give advertisement of his estate. Pensive and simply he came back again to Dejanira, where she was attyring her self preciously, and said unto her, Madam, what do you here? Wherefore? (answered Dejanira.) Why, (said Dejanira?) what tydings? Lycas answered: hard tydings. I have heard tell of Hercules, things full of such hardnesse, that truely it is very grievous for mée to tell you. Howbeit since you are come, thus far, you must néeds understand them: I tell you for certain, that your Lord Hercules is in his Palace very joyful: and that he hath in his company a Lady, whom he loveth above all things for her great beauty, so excéeding, that each man marvelleth, saying: she is the most Soveraign in beauty, that ever was séen by man.

Advise your self well, what ye do, ere you go any further: this day is néedful you abide, and take counsel.

At the hearing of these tydings, Dejanira was passing angry, and bespread with a great sorrow in all her veines, she began to quake and tremble. Her fair hair that was finely dressed on her head, she tore with her hands, in so furious manner, that she distayred her, and smote with her fist so great a stroke upon her breast, that she fell down backward in a swound. The Ladies and Gentlewomen that accompanied her, shrieked and cryed dolorously, and were sore moved. At length Dejanira came to her self again, pale and wann, shee spake, with a féeble and low voyce. Woe Dejanira, what shalt thou do? Whether shalt thou go? Thou that findest thy self forsaken of thy Lord Hercules? Alas, alas, is it possible that the new comming of a Lady, may take away my Husband? The heart late joyned to Dejanira, shall she make the separation? I hope verily it may not bee: For Hercules is noble of heart, and loveth vertue: if hee abandon mée, he acts against vertue and nobleneſſe, I have affiance in him that he will be true to mée. Madam (said Lycas) you

fail nothing to say that Hercules is Noble and full of Vertue: for he hath imployed all his time in vertuous things, howbeit he is a man, and hath taken love in this new Woman: for her beauty: know well that Fortune entertaineth not long Princes and Princesses, on the top above her whéel: there is none so high, but he maketh them sometime lie beneath among them that suffer trouble. Behold, what ye have to do. If ye go unto Hercules, and he receive you not as hee hath béen accustomed, then shall you have cause of despair. When say that he loveth so veraignly this new Lady: It is apparent then, that he shall set but little by your coming: and if you go the Lady will bee evil content: she hath renown, and every man is glad to do her pleasure. There shall bee no man so hardy to welcome you for the love of her. Go not thither then, the peril is too great: I counsel you for the better, that yée return into Iconie, and that yee bear this thing patiently, attending and abiding until the fire and the fume of this Lady be quenched: for Hercules is another manner of man then most men bée: and will leave the love of this Lady by little and little.

Dejanira beléeved that Lycas counselled her truly, and for wéeping she returned into Iconie. When she was in the house at Iconie, she denyed her self all worldly pleasure, living solitarily, without going to Feasts or Playes. Abiding in this solitude, her grievous annoy grew more and more, by so great vexations, that she was constrained to make infinite bewailings. The continual company of her Ladies could give to her no solace. The innumerable spéeches that they used unto her ear, could never take away Hercules out of her mind. She lived this life many daies, having alway her ears open to know if Hercules sent for her. In the end when she had waited long, and saw that neither man nor woman was coming to bring her tydings from the person of Hercules, she wrote a Letter which shee delivered to Lycas, to bear unto Hercules, and charged him to deliver it to no person, but to him shee sent it to. Lycas took the Letter, and went unto Lycie, two miles from the City hee met Hercules in a crosse way. Hercules came from Archadie, where he had newly slain a wild Boare, so great, that there was never

none

none ſeen like him. When Lycas ſaw *Hercules*, hee made him reverence, and preſented his Letter to him, ſaluting him from Dejanira. Hercules waxed red, and changed colour, when hee heard ſpeak of Dejanira. But he receiving the Letter amiably read it, and found therein as followeth.

Hercules, My Lord, the man of the world that I moſt deſire, I humbly beſeech and earneſtly intreat you, that you have regard to your true ſervant, and *Lover Dejanira*. Alas *Hercules*, alas. Where is become the love of the time paſt? Yee have now ſojourned many daies in *Lycie*, and you have let me have no knowledge thereof. Truely that is to mee a very dolorous grief: for I deſire not to be deified nor to mount into the celeſtial Manſions, with the Sun, the Moon, nor the Starres, but without faining or breaking of a free heart, I deſire your ſolemn communication. I can from henceforth no more feign. It is ſaid to mee, that you have another Wife. Alas *Hercules* have I made any fault againſt your worth? wherefore do you abandon mee? How can you do ſo? Men name you vertuous. You forſake mee: that is againſt vertue. Though now yee do it, I have ſeen the time that you were my Husband, embracing together, and kiſſing, you ſhewed ſemblance of good liking and joy. Now let you her alone that you loved as a poor caſt away. Alas, where are the witneſſes of our Marriage? where be the eternal vows and oaths which we made one to another. Men are deaf and blind, but God doth hear and ſee: wherefore I pray you, conſider, and hold your good name more dear, then ye do the love of your new acquainted Goſſip, that maketh you to erre againſt vertue, whereof you have ſo great a renown, and I pray you heartily write to mee your pleaſure.

When Hercules had read from the beginning to the end, the Letter of Dejanira, as he yet looked upon it, Yole came unto him, with three hundred Gentlewomen to be merry with Hercules, Hercules then cloſed the Letter, and returned into Lycie, holding Yole by the hand: howbeit, when he was in his Palace he forgot not *Dejanira*, but found means to go into his Study, and there wrote a Letter, when it was finiſhed he gave it to Licas, to preſent it to *Dejanira*. Lycas took the Letter and return-

ed home to *Dejanira*. First, he told her tydings and of the state of Yole. After he delivered to her the Letter, containing that he commended him unto her, and that he had no other Wife but her, and he prayed her that she would not give her self to think any evil, but to live in hope and patience, as a Wife and noble Lady ought and is bound to do, for her honour and credit. This Letter little or nought comforted *Dejanira*, shee was so vehemently attainted with jealousie. Her sorrow redoubled. In this sorrow she wrote yet another Letter which she sent to Hercules, that contained these words:

Hercules, Alas what availeth mee to be the Wife of so Noble a Husband as you are? your nobleness is to me more hurtful than profitable. O Fortune, I was wont to rejoyce, for every day I heard no other things but commendations of your prowesses and glorious deeds, wherewith the world was illuminated. Now must I be angry and take displeasure in your works, that are foul and full of vices. All *Greece* murmureth at you, and the people say, that you were wont to bee vanquisher of all things, and now you are vanquished by the foolish love of *Yole*. Alas *Hercules*, shall I be separated from you, and be holden the waiting-drudge of the Catiffe *Yole*. Shee is your Catiffe, for you have slain her Father, and have taken her in the prize of *Calidonie*, now she hath the place of your lawful wife. Alas, now shall I no more bee esteemed, it is not alway happy to mount to high estate. For from as much as I have mounted in height, and was your fellow, from so farre I feel my self fall into the more great peril. O *Hercules* if for my beauty you took mee for your Wife, I may well curse that beauty: for that is cause of the grievous shame, that is to mee evident, to prognosticate mine harm, and ill to come. I cannot count them but for enemies, since by them, all sorrows come unto mee. The Ladies have joy in the preheminency of their Husbands, but I have ill fortune and mis-hap. I see nothing but displeasure in my Marriage. O *Hercules*, I think all day on you, that ye go in great perils of Arms, and fierce Beasts, Tempests of Sea, and the false perils of the world. Mine heart trembleth, and hath great fear of you, of whom I ought to

have

have comfort. I remember and think on you in the day, and dream on you in the night: mee thinketh verily, that I see the cutting of sharpe Swords enter into mee, and the heads of the Spears: and that I see issue out of the Caves of the Forrests and Deserts, Lyons, and wild Monsters, that eat my flesh. Since the beginning of our alliance unto this day, I have had day and night such pains for you, and born them. But alas, all these things are but little in comparison of the pains that I now suffer, for as much as you maintain strange women, and a woman of folly. May she be called the Mother of your Children, by whom the sparkles of foul renown shall abide with you. With this vice is my pain redoubled, and pierceth my soul. I am troubled with the dis-honour. They say, that yee are become like a woman, and live after the guise and manner of a VVoman, and spinne on the Rock, you that were wont to strangle Lyons with your hands, you leave the exercise of Arms, and to be known in far Countries and Realms, in shewing your vertue, like as you were wont to do, for the onely companie of the Catiffe *Tole* that abuseth you. O cursed company. Speak to mee *Hercules*, of the high and mighty men that thou hast vanquished, as *Dyomedes* of *Thrace*, *Antheon* of *Lybie*, *Busire* of Egypt, *Gerion* of *Spain*, and *Cacus* the great Theef, if they were alive and saw thee thus held? Surely they would not reput them worthy to be vanquished by thee, and would point at thee with their fingers, as at a man living in the lappe of a woman. O how strong is *Tole*, when her hands that are not worthy to thread a needle, hath taken thy Club and brandished thy Sword wherewith thou hast put in fear all the earth? Alas *Hercules*, have you not in remembrance, your Child-hood, lying in your Cradle: you slew the two serpents: you being a Child were a man, and now when you have been a man, are you become a woman, or a Child? This is the work of a woman, to hold himself alwaies with a woman: or it is the deed of a Child, to enamour himself on a woman of folly. The truth is, you began better then you end: your last deeds answer not the first, your labours shall never be worthy praisings. For all the commendations is in the end. VVho-

soever he be that beginneth a work, whereof the beginning is fair, and the end foul, all is lost: surely *Hercules*, when I behold the glorious beginning that vertue made in you, and see that now you are vicious, all my strength faileth, mine arms fall down as a woman in a trance, without spirit, and it may not seem to mee true, that those arms (that bare away by force the sheep from the Garden belonging to the *Daughters of Atlas*) may fall into so great a fault, as to embrace fleshly another wife then his own. Notwithstanding I am assured of a truth, that you hold not *Yole* as a Catiffe, but as your own wife: not in prison but at her pleasure, in Chamber finely bedecked, and in Bed Curtained and hanged: not disguised and secretly, as many hold their Concubines: but openly and with shameleſſe face, shewing her self very glorious to the people, as if ye might do so lawfully. For she holdeth you Prisoner and Catiffe, and she hath put the fetters about your neck, by her *Italian* Juglings and shifts, whereof I have great shame in my self. But as for the amendment, I will discharge my mind, I cannot better it, but pray to God that he will procure a Remedy.

CHAP. XXXI.

How *Dejanira* sent to *Hercules* a shirt envenomed, and how *Hercules* burned himself in the fire of his sacrifice, and how *Dejanira* slew her self when shee knew that *Hercules* was dead by means of her ignorance.

When Hercules, had read this Letter, he understood what it contained, and was smitten with remorse of conscience. Understanding that vertue was stained in him: hee was very pensive, and much deprived from all pleasure, that none durst come to him in a great while, save onely that they brought to him meat and drink. Yole durst not goe to him, Lycas that brought this Letter, was there waiting long for the answer. No man could know whereof proceeded the pensiveneſſe of Hercules, nor the cause why he withdrew himself; in the end, when Hercules had been long pensive, and had thought upon all his affairs,

affairs, how to with-draw himself from Yole, he departed from his Chamber, on a day, saying, that he would goe and sacrifice to Apollo, upon the mount named Oeta, and commanded upon pain of death no man should follow him, except Phylotes. By adventure, as he issued out of his Palace, accompanyed onely with Phylotes, to go upon the mount, hee met Lycas. Lycas made him reverence, and demanded of him if it pleased him any thing to send unto Dejanira. Hercules answered to Lycas, that hee would go make his sacrifice to Apollo, and at his return again, he would go or else would send unto her.

With this word Hercules and Phylotes passed forth, on their Pilgrimage. And Lycas returned unto Dejanira, and told to her the joyful tydings that he had received of Hercules, also what like Hercules lead since the day and hour he had presented to him her Letter. Dejanira comforted with these good tydings went unto her Chamber, and thanked God and Fortune. After, she began to think on their estate, and thus thinking she remembred her of the poyson that Nessus had given her, being at the point of death, she had kept it in one of her Coffers; and forthwith incontinently she opened the Coffer, and took the cursed poyson, and one of the shirts of Hercules: as she that imagined by the vertue of the poyson to draw again to her the Love of Hercules, like as Nessus had said unto her, she made the shirt to be boyled with the poyson, and gave the charge thereof to one of her women. When the shirt was boyled enough, the woman took the vessel, and set it to cole. After she took out the shirt openly, and wrung it, but so soon as shee had wrung it, the fire sprang in her hands so vehemently, that she cast it upon a pearch to dry, and fell down dead.

In processe of time, Dejanira desired to have the shirt, and seeing the woman that had charge thereof, brought it not, went into the Chamber where the shirt had been boyled and found the woman dead, whereof she had great marvell. Nevertheless she passed the death lightly, and one of her Damosels she made take the shirt that hanged on the pearch and was dry, commanding her that she should fold it, and wind it in a Handkerchief.

At the commandement of Dejanira the Damosel folded the shirt

shirt. But so doing, she was serued with the poyson in such wise that she lost her speech, and dyed soon after. Notwithstanding Dejanira that thought nothing, but to come to her intention, took the shirt and delivered it to Licas, charged him to carry it to *Hercules*. Licas that was ready to accomplish the will of his Mistresse, took the charge of the shirt, and departing from them, went into the Mountain whereas Hercules was, and there found him in a Forrest, where was the Temple of Diana. Hercules had no man with him but Philoctes, who made ready for him a great fire, to sacrifice an Hart that *Hercules* had taken, running at a course. Licas then finding Hercules in the Temple, knæled low down to him, and said. Sir, here is a shirt that your servant Dejanira sendeth to you. Shee recommendeth her humbly unto your grace, and prayeth you that you will receive this present in good part, as from your Wife. Hercules was joyous of these words, and presently uncloathed him, to put on this cursed Shirt, saying, that verily she was his Wife, and that he would for her sake wear this Shirt. In doing on this shirt, he felt a very great dolour and pain in his body. Notwithstanding, he put on his other cloaths above, as he that did think no evil. When he was cloathed, and the shirt warme, his pain and sorrow grew more and more: Then hee began to think, and knew presently that his mallady came of the shirt, and feeling the pricking of the venome, without long tarrying, he took off his robes, and supposed to have taken off his shirt from his back, and to have rent it. But he was not strong enough to do so, for the shirt held so sore, and cleaved so fast to his flesh, by the vigour and strength of the sharpe poyson, that he tare out the flesh, and took away certain peeces thereof, when hee would have taken off his shirt.

Hercules knew then, that he was wounded to death. Death began to fight against him, hee began to resist by drawing off his shirt from his body with peeces of his flesh and blood, but all could not avail. He rent and tare his back, thighs, and body, unto his entrals and guts, his armes, his shoulders, unto the bones, and still his dolour and pain increased more and more. As he returned, in pain, he beheld Lycas, and another fellow

fellow that he had brought with him, he went to them, and said unto Lycas. Thou cursed and unhappy man: what thing hath moved thée to come hither under the false friendship of Dejanira, to bring mée into the change of this misfortune: What thinkest thou hast done? Thou hast served mée with a shirt intoxicated with mortal venome. Who hath introduced thée to this? Thou must néeds receive thy desert. And saying these words, Hercules caught by the head for Lycas, that knew not what to say, and threw him against a Rock so fiercely, that hée burst his bones, and slew him, the fellow of Lycas fled, and hid him in a bush, Philoctes was so affrighted, that he knew not what to do. At the hour that Hercules was in this case, much people came into the Temple. The entrals of Hercules were troubled. His blood boyled in all his Veines, the poyson pierced unto his heart, his sinews shrunk, and withdrew them.

When he felt himself in this extream misery, that Death hasted his end by terrible pain, as he that could not take away the force of the venome, striving began to runne over hill and over Valley, up and down the Forrest, and pulled up the great Trées, and overthrew them. Then hee began to rent off his shirt, with the flesh, that was sodden and boyled. When he had long lead this life, he returned unto the Temple, full assured of death, and lifting up his hands and eyes to Heaven said. Alas, alas, must Fortune now laugh at mée, for this miserable destiny, coming from the mad Jealousie, and Sorcery of that Woman, which in all the world I reputed most wise and vertuous? O Dejanira, unnatural woman, without wit, shame and honour, with an heart of a Tyrant, besotted with jealousie: how hast thou bèen able to contrive against mée this furie, and treason envenomed? If Kings or Princes acquaint themselves with Ladies or Gentlewomen, for the increase of mankind, they will never have credit with their proper Wives. O Dejanira what hast thou done? The Women présent, they that are in the wombs of their Mothers, shall spit at thée in thy face, and curse thée without end, for the reproach that thou turnest upon them.

Alas Dejanira: What shall Calcedonie now do, that gla-

zied in thy glory, and set thee in the front of their honour, as a Carbuncle, for the decking of their precious things: Now thy glorie shall be shame: for by impiety and divers Engines, by secret cruelty thou hast conspired my death, and hast broches this incurable misfortune, for thee and me, and for our Friends and Kinsmen.

Oh Dejanira, thy malice as an unhappy and most cursed Serpent, hath wrought this malicious and reproachful Murder. Thy false Jealousie hath more power to terminate my life, then all the Monsters of the world. By thine offence, and by thy mischievous sleight wherefrom I could not keep mee, I must dye, and passe out of this World. Since it is so, I thank Fortune, and ask of God no vengeance against thee: but surely to the end it be not said, that the vanquisher of men, be not vanquished by a woman, I will not passe the bitter passage of death by thy mortal Sorceries full of abomination: but by the fire, that is neat and clear, and the most excellent of Elements.

These doloreus and sorrowful plaints accomplished, Hercules took his Club, and cast it in the fire that was made ready to make his Sacrifice. After he gave Philoctes his Bow and Arrows, and then he prayed him, that he would recommend him to Yole, and to his dearest friends. Then seeing his life had no longer time to sojourne, he took leave of Philoctes: and all burnt and sodden, he laid him down in the fire, lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, and there consummated the course of his glorious life. When Philoctes saw the end of his master Hercules, he burnt his body to ashes, and kept those ashes, with intention to beat them to the Temple, that the King Evander had caused to be made: After, he departed from thence, and returned into Lycia, greatly discomforted: and with a great fountain of tears, he recounted to Yole, and to his friends, the pitiful death of Hercules. No man could recount the sorrow that Yole made, and they of Lycia, as well the Students as rural people. All the world fell in tears and sighs, bewailing his untimely death. So much abounded Yole in tears, that her tender heart was drowned: and forthwith her soul departed from her body, through the excesse of sorrow. Then each one cursed, and spake ill of Dejanira.

Finally,

Finally, Dejanira being advertised by the fellow of Lycas, of the mischief that was come by the shirt, she fell into despair, and made great lamentations, and said: What have I done? Alas, what have I done? The most notable man of men, shining among the Clerks, he that traversed the strange Coasts of the Earth and Hell; he that bodily conversed among men, was familiar with the Sun, Moon, and Starres, is dead by my cause and without my knowledge. He dyed by my fault: For I have sent unto him the shirt, that hath been the instrument of his death. It was not my fault: for I knew nothing of the poyson. Oh mortal poyson. By mee he is depryved of life, whom I loved as I did mine own. He that was the Fountain of science: by whom the Athenians sharpned their wits and judgements: he that made the Monsters of the Sea to tremble in their Abismes, destroyed the Monsters of Hell: consumed the Monsters of the Earth. Tyrants hee corrected, insolent and proud. The humble and meek he exhaunsed and exalted: he that made no treasure but of Vertue: subdued all the Nations of the world, conquering them with his Club: and if he had praised or been ambitious, might have attained to be King of the East, West, North and South, of the Seas and Mountains: Of all these he might have named himself Lord, by good right, if he had pleased. Alas, alas, I was borne in an unlucky hour. When so high and mighty a Prince, is dead by my simplenesse: Hee was the Glory of men. There was never none like him, nor ever shall be. Ought I to live after him? No, for among the Ladies I shall be pointed at with the finger, and fall into strangers hands to be punished, forasmuch as I have deserved shame and blame by his death, I will commit a revenge upon my self. And with that she took a Knife, saying: I feel my self willing and ready to dye, and know that I am innocent of the death of my Lord Hercules, so with the point of the Knife she ended her desperate life. Whereat Phylones was abashed: and so were all they of Greece, that long wept and bewailed Hercules his death. And they of Athens bewailed him exceedingly: some for his Science, and others for his vertues, whereof I will now cease speaking: Beseeching her that is the cause of this Trans-

lation out of French into this simple and rude English, that is to wit, my redoubted Lady Margaret by the Grace of God, Dutchesse of Burgoine and of Brabant: Sister to my Soveraigne Lord the King of England and France, &c. To receive my rude labour acceptably, and in good part.

Thus endeth the second Book of the Collection of the Hystories of Troy. Which Books were late translated into French, out of Latin by the labour of the Venerable person Raoulle Feure Priest, as afore is said, and by mée unfit and unworthy, translated into this rude *English*, by the commandement of my redoubted Lady, Dutchesse of Burgoine. And forasmuch as I suppose the said two Books have not béen had before this time in our English language: therefore I had the better will to accomplish this said work, that was begun in Bruges, and continued in Gaunt and finished in Colen, in the time of the great divisions, as well in the Realms of England and France, as in all other places universally, through the world, that is to say: in the year of our Lord, one thousand four hundred seaventy and one.

And as for the third Book, which treateth of the general and last Destruction of Troy: It néedeth not to be Translated into English, forasmuch as the worthipful and Religious man, John Lidgate Monk of Bury, did translate it lately: after whose work I fear to take upon mée (that am not worthy to bear his Penn and Inck horne after him) to meddle at all in that work. But yet, forasmuch as I am bound to obey and please my Ladies good Grace: also his work being in Verse; and as farre as I know it is not had in prose in our tongue: and also peradventure, he translated it after some other Author then this is: and forasmuch as divers men bée of sundrie desires; Some to read in Rime and Méter, and some in prose: and also because that I have now good leisure being in Colen, having no other thing to do at this time: to eschew Idleneſſe, Mother of all Vices, I have deliberated, in my self for the contemplation of the said redoubted Lady, to take this Labour in hand,

by

by the sufferance, and helpe of Almighty God, whom I meekly beseech to give mée the Grace to accomplish it to the pleasure of her that is the causer thereof: and that shée receive it in the humble devotion, of mée her faithfull, true, and most humble Servant.

The End of the Second Book.

UMI - 1994

The Table of the Second Book of the Destruction of TROY.

Chapters. Pages.

1. HOw *Hercules* fought against three Lyons, in the Forrest of *Nemea*: and how he slew them and took their Skins. 1.

2. How *Juno* sent *Hercules* into *Ægypt* to be slain of the Tyrant *Busire*, and how *Hercules* slew the Tyrant, against the hope and will of *Juno*. 5.

3. How *Hercules* espoused *Megara*, and how hee was made Knight in *Thebes*. 9.

4. How the *Centaures* ravished *Hypodamia*, at the wedding of *Pyrothus*, and how *Hercules* recovered her again, and vanquished the *Centaures* in battel. 13.

5. How *Pluto* ravished *Proserpina*, & how *Orpheus* went for her to Hel: how Queen *Ceres* came to the wedding of *Pyrothus*, and how *Theseus* and *Pyrothus* fought with *Cerberus* the Porter of *Hell*. 16.

6. How *Hercules* found *Pyrothus* dead at the Gate of *Hell*, and *Theseus* in danger: and how *Hercules* vanquished *Cerberus*, and how he rescued *Proserpina* from *Pluto*. 22.

7. How *Andromedus* delivered *Lyncus*: And how he slew in battel the King *Creon*, and took the City of *Thebes*. 27

8. How *Hercules* entred into *Thebes* in an unknown habit: and how he put to death the Gyant *Lyncus* and his Complices, and his Wife *Megara*. 31

9. How *Hercules* put to death *Laomedon*, and destroyed *Troy* the second time. 33

10. How *Hercules* and *Affer* assailed by battel the Gyant *Antheon* and how they vanquished him in battel the first time. 36

11. How *Hercules* took King *Atlas*: and how he began to study the science of Astronomy, & the seven liberal Sciences. 39

12. How

Chapters. Pages.
12. How *Hercules* assembled his battel against *Anthæus* King of the *Lybians*, which he put to flight, and slew the King of *Cothulie*. 43
13. How *Hercules* slew *Anthæus*. 45
14. How *Hercules* and *Theseus* fought against the two Damosels of *Scythie*. 47
15. How *Hercules* began to waxe amorous of *Dejanira*, and how *Achelous* and *Hercules* had battel the one against the other, and how *Achelous* was vanquished. 50
16. How *Hercules* put to the worst King *Achelous*, and how he espoused *Dejanira*. 55
17 How *Nessus* took *Dejanira* from *Hercules*, when he passed with her over the River: and how *Hercules* slew *Nessus* with an Arrow. 59
18 How *Hercules* fought against *Hydra*, the Serpent of the Moor *Lerna*, and slew him. 62
19 How *Hercules* went into *Spain* and fighting on the Sea, vanquished King *Gerion*, and took the City of *Megidda*. 66
20 How *Gerion* assailed *Hercules* the second time, before *Megidda*, how *Hercules* slew his brethren, vanquished and constrained *Gerion* to flie. 71
21 How *Hercules* pursued *Gerion*: and vanquishing him, put him to death, at the Port of the *Corogne*. 75
22 How *Hercules* founded the City of *Corogne* upon the tomb of *Gerion*. 79
23 How *Hercules* assailing King *Cacus*, overcame him, and how *Cacus* began to tyrannize in *Italy*. 85
24 How *Hercules* fought against the eleven Gyants of *Cremona*, and vanquished them 89
25 How *Cacus* stole away Oxen and Kine, belonging to *Hercules*, and how *Hercules* fought with him therefore and slew him. 97
26 How the Queen of *Laurentia* fell in love with *Hercules*: and how King *Priens* came into *Italy* with a great Hoast, to defie *Hercules*. 106
27. How *Hercules* fought King *Priens* in battel: how he fled into

UMI - 1994

Chapters. Pages.
into the City, where *Hercules* alone slew him, and many others. 111
28 How *Hercules* was enamoured on *Yole*, the Daughter of King *Pricus*, how he required her Love, and she accorded. 116
29 How *Hercules* fought against *Dyomedes* in the Forrest of *Thrace*: and how he made his Horses eat him. 122
30 How *Dejanira* sorrowed for the love of *Hercules* to *Yole* 126
31 How *Dejanira* sent to *Hercules* a shirt envenomed, and how *Hercules* burned himself in the fire of his sacrifice, and how *Dejanira* slew her self when shee knew that *Hercules* was dead by means of her ignorance. 131

FINIS.